MYSTERY! MYSTERY! "HOUSE OF THE MIDNIGHT SOUND," NEXT WEEK

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HER SCATHING TRIAL

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PROLOGUE.

"Ustry, ustry, all 'bout great failure! Ustry, ustry, all 'bout Graham killing! Ustry!"

* * *

"Then you do not feel sorry for me, Miss Katherine?" and there was a shade of bitterness in the voice.

The girl addressed raised her blue eyes and looked him frankly in the face, replying:

"No, Wisdom Stanford, why should I? You are rich, healthy and have everything in the world you want."

"Not everything, Katherine, not you," and he moved a little nearer. "I want you, not because you have money, but because you are Katherine Graham. Just remember that, won't you?"

"Yes, of course, I would never think anything unworthy of you, but I do not love you, and my life is so full. Perhaps I revel too much in my father's wealth, but it gives me so many good things. I often think the most unhappy people in all the world are those who are poor, who have to really work. Yes, I do, for I have never done anything for myself in my life. I tell my father that I believe I am an extremely useful girl, for think how many people are kept busy, are given a living taking care of me," and her laugh was light as a summer wind, but the man shuddered, for he knew well enough that the papers being cried on the streets at this moment were full of George Graham's frightful failure, with full disclosures about his peculations.

CHAPTER I.

TOO DELICATE FOR HOUSEWORK.

"You look almost too young."

"I am twenty."

"Humph! Been petted a good deal, and my work is hard."

A slight girl dressed in a plain, yet elegant black dress, stood before a gross, middle-aged woman, who looked her down and then kept on with her questions.

"Your references?"

Tears welled up in her eyes, but the girl held herself well in hand, as she quietly replied:

"Here are two letters from housekeepers who knew me to be an honest, respectable girl. My father died, and I have never had to work out before."

The woman took them, handling them as though they would contaminate her. After reading both through twice, she asked abruptly:

"Can I reach them by telephone?"

The trembling lips gave the numbers, and then right before the girl, the future mistress asked questions which stung her like fire.

"Yes, hello; I want to ask about—what's your name, girl? Yes, about Kate Graham." "I read the letter, but is she really honest?"

"You speak strongly; well, of course," and so on, and then she talked with the other address, at last turning to the girl with:

"They speak pretty well of you. I want a good, reliable girl. You don't expect company?"

"No one."

The woman laughed in her heart, and she eagerly continued:

"How about your days out?"

She well knew that the girl was ignorant of her rights, for she replied listlessly:

"Oh, just as you please. Occasionally I would like to get out for a little air, or to see those friends of mine who have been so good to me, that is all."

This obtained her engagement, and Mrs. Welch was so delighted that she said nothing when the girl brought four trunks, although she had only the smallest, a neat Russia leather one, taken to her room. Later Mrs. Welch tried to open the others, but to her surprise found them secured by heavy straps and Yale locks.

There were a few drawbacks to this new housemaid. She was so quiet, and did her work so well, that it was impossible to find fault with her; another very serious matter was the fact of her beauty. In her trim dresses, twilled linen in the morning and black for afternoon, she looked so sweet and refined, that Mrs. Welch was extremely glad that of her own accord she wore caps, aprons and linen collars and cuffs.

Yet, not for a moment could the gross mistress see that there was any idea on the part of the servant to transgress, and she was accommodating, too. On the cook's day out she gladly cooked dinner, but one of her duties filled her heart with fright, and that was waiting on the table, for in the faces of the guests about the table she feared to read recognition, but of the majority she need not have given a second thought, for while they revelled at the disappearance of the one time heiress, Katherine Graham, none of them would have looked for her as a housemaid.

Katherine had gone to the kind-hearted housekeeper for advice when she found that she was worse than orphaned, for her father, unable to bear up under the disgrace, had killed himself, and even while his only daughter was trying to earn a very humble wage, the papers were black with headlines, pregnant with new discoveries of his wrongdoing. On this account the saddened daughter never read the papers, but after being carefully taught by Mrs. Brisby, the housekeeper, and her sister, Mrs. Fallows, who was once a housekeeper, and now conducted a good boarding house, Katherine ventured out to find work. Mrs. Brisby had wanted Katherine to live with her until matters were settled a bit, but the girl was determined. And Mrs. Fallows agreed with her.

"When you earn your money and have it in your hands, it will be lots more to you than when it is given," she said very sagely, and Katherine realized it when her first wages were given her. However, the insolent manner in which her wages were given her, took off much of the anticipated satisfaction.

It was almost thrown at her, and as she remembered the kindness of Mrs. Brisby, who managed their old home as far back as she could remember, Katherine felt an angry impulse rise to throw the meagre amount on the floor. Once she would have done so, but now she knew better, and tried to teach a lesson in self-control. Quietly, conscientiously and well, she did all that was asked of her, and more, too, for she discovered that she had the making of a good housewife in her, and perhaps she might have remained much longer than the three months she did, had not the blow fallen.

As she entered the dining room one even-

ing to serve the family dinner, she saw a face which had been haunting her for many a weary day, the face of the man who, knowing all the disgrace hanging over her, had hurried to her, offering her his spotless name. That man whom she had flung aside in the insolence of her fancied wealth and prominence.

Katherine was almost in the middle of the room when her eyes fell on his face, but Stanford was talking to his hostess, and so silent had been the girl's entrance that no one saw her. Like a shadow she vanished out from the room and, clutching at the cook, gasped:

"I can't serve; I can't!"

"But you must, girl," was the quick reply. "I can't. If I die for it, I can't. Help me, Emma. Listen; you are in love."

Full well did she know Emma's weak spot.

"And are ye?"

"Emma," the chords in the girl's throat were so constricted she could scarcely speak, "Emma, the visitor tonight is a man who once wanted to marry me!"

The cook could only give a great sigh, sympathy oozing from every pore.

"You do for me, and maybe my cap looks lovely on you, and here is my apron. You can have them both if you will do it for me."

"All right," Emma agreed, really liking to get up in the dining room, and so before any angry bell summoned the belated dinner, Emma, quickly donned the borrowed finery, fully expecting that Katherine would remain in her place to dish the courses, but she Katherine did not wish for that at all, for hat and coat, but slipped into the alley, down the street to the street car line, and mounting a car, sat down casually, without any embarrassment, and removed her bare head, and she had the satisfaction of hearing two ladies admire the Parisian style of dressing the hair adopted. And she had she been an ordinary appearing girl, there might have been no notice taken of her.

Mechanically she paid her fare, having still her money in her black dress pocket, and leaving the public conveyance, made her way to Mrs. Faulkner's home, hurried and going around to the rear, asked for her friend, at the fat-faced cook.

Then it was that Katherine began to realize she had been hasty, and yet when good Mrs. Brown stood within the door arms, with her to her private sitting room, and again looked at her, and had heard the story, she rejoiced in her friend.

"I wouldn't think of treating any of my lady help that way, and I'm no relation to a lady," she cried at last.

"You are a good deal more of a lady than the ones whose only claims lie on the outside," and Katherine hugged her as she never could in the days when she employed her.

"But I left everything behind," she faltered.

"What of that? I'll go and get them, and tomorrow, too," and the expression on Mrs. Fallows' face did not bode well for Mrs. Welch.

"You'll not tell why I went?" Katherine whispered, crimsoning.

AFTER

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Will You Pay (Not Banker) $100?

Not a cent in advance—not a penny, remember, until you are well, cured, entirely, absolutely, to stay. I am well again.

If you will take the treatment, I will let your Banker or Express Agent hold the money.

Will you send coupon, or letter, to be complete, by and entirely free from Rheumatism, expend $100? That is what I am prepared to do, and will by bond, less, never-ending faith in Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy. But be to make and the $10 thousandth dollar offer. Positively no physician, anywhere, anywhere, can make it. I will lose nothing. I can make no mistake.

I want to go—and soon in every way get, every body, everywhere, to talk of my wonderful cure, and what I myself now absolutely know, about this unlicensed prescription. Because it is surely remarkable—then why not the offer? Every Druggist sells it. Anywhere, whether by mail, in bottle or city, has been, and is now freely selling it. Hundreds, by Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy. And yet, strange to say, not one sufferer perhaps in a hundred, from hearsay or part of the remedy and its power to battle against pain. To say to awaken unknowingly even, to spread the knowledge of what this prescription can do. I shall leave that entirely to the facts, the facts, unassisted and everywhere. Having no fear of the final outcome. I shall always continue to sell it as I do now.

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For a complete cure I charge $10.00, for I must strike a fair deal, a square deal. It is true that many will be cured with a bottle or two of my remedy, but chronic, exceedingly decreased and difficult cases, may require ten, twenty, or even a greater number. But, I know, that when actually suffered the pangs of real Rheumatism, will heed. By example of the grim wheel, become past chance, but two or three bottles are needed in his particular case.

But to secure this "No Cure, No Pay" privilege, you must write me personally, simply address Dr. Shoop, Corliner B, Racine, Wis. Box 3207.

Do not write your friend, please, about this plan. He has no authority, nor will he furnish my medicine, except on full and regular sale by bottle. Write me instead today for my booklet No. 1, entitled and my Book on Rheumatism free, or, if you please, medical advice Book on either disease.

Watch Book shall I send you?

Book 1 on Rheumatism. Book 2 on the Kidneys. Book 3 on the Heart. Book 4 For Women.

Remember, No Examination or

Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy.

"No danger; but, honey, tell your old friend, isn't there any hope of things being made up between you two, for I know who he is and any girl might be proud."

"Might be proud? Why, I think I will never be as proud again in my life as when I remember how noble he was, but you see that it was I who was unworthy. I told you, if I had accepted him then, even if I was disgraced, I would not let that come between, but a girl who when she thought herself a prize worth winning, could act as I have, and love she ensnared with all her heart, can never take it now when she is penniless, a servant to wait upon one whose wife she might have been," and then Mrs. Fallows would listen no longer, for among them the poor girl needed just then more than anything else.

CHAPTER II.

LOVE CANNOT FORGET.

While Katherine was struggling with a new phase of life, Wisdom Stanford was raising heaven and earth to find her, for he was true and sincere, and he nearly lost his mind thinking of her homeless, unprotected and broken-hearted. Bowed down with unhappiness, he had gone nowhere until a chance week or two from his friend, Jim Welch, had made him accept a casual invitation that evening. He had planned a visit to Europe, but had not described his wife's new housemaid.

"Jim," he said, when they had some mystery about her, for she's no regular hired girl."

"No, I suppose not," Wisdom replied, his thoughts far away.

"My word, Stanford, because she gets her cheap, but the girl is hiding about something, and I feel like I was committing a crime not to call her by name."

Then it was that the young man's thoughts came back to the present, and he asked a little eagerly:

"Kate, my say?"

"Yes, Kate Graham," and just a minute later Stanford accepted an invitation Welch had been pressing upon him for days.

He had not dared to look at the graceful, daintily-clad and bewitching girl in the room, and when he lifted his head she was gone. When Emma appeared he noticed that she had on a cap and apron, and that there was nothing about Katherine like a servant's garb, but her arms, which even was not at all astonished when Emma came running back to whisper in Mrs. Welch's ear that Miss Graham had left the establishment and disappointment when he learned that Miss Graham had departed.

"And why?" almost screamed Mrs. Welch.

Emma had meant to be loyal, but knowing that her mistress would learn, she opened her heart and blubbered:

"She said she could not wait at table because her young man was at the table."

"She said that, the impudent hussy!"

"Her young man; no, the one she wanted or who wanted her, and I wanted to be good to her, and now she's done me dirt like this," and Emma sunk her hands in her dainty aprons and wept copiously, and both cap and apron were hers, unless, awful thought, Mrs. Welch appropriated them.

"Will you be so kind, Emma," Stanford said in tones he endeavored to keep steady, "where her address is? She is one whom she wanted, or who wanted her?"

Emma felt the charm of his manner, but could not obey him.

"Was that girl one you knew?" Mrs. Welch asked, as excitement flushed, and flushed, and his fist began to clench.

"She is the lady whom I would give all I have to marry," was said quietly, and knowing that, I feel at liberty to plead with you for kindly information upon her return. I want to know the moment she does return" and the man's unfeigned agony, seeing a delightful future when she could force herself upon Wisdom Stanford's wife and mistress, was not to be borne.

"When you were with me, my dear, and we all thought you were in Europe—"

With an aching heart Stanford left the Welch home, and wandered along the streets, not knowing whether he was in Chicago or Timbuctoo, and never knowing that he was followed by a poor, pale, unhappy girl he loved so dearly. Wearily he longed for the next day, and when it finally came, made his way to the office door, but pushed the bell, but could scarcely keep his disappointment out of his face when a strange clerk opened the

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I want to give you positive proof, convincing evidence. I want to remove all doubt—all question—all suspicion—all lack of faith—and I want to pay the cost of this proof—*all of it*—to the very last penny myself.

I have put my life into this work—I hold the record of thousands of cures—not "some better"—but thousands of desperate sufferers *hearty and strong and big and well;* and their letters are in my hands to prove every word I say.

No matter how you are, no matter what your affliction, I will have the remedies sent to you and given into your own hands free, paid for by me and delivered at my own cost.

These remedies have cured thousands of cases—nearly every disease—and they *do* cure and I believe they will cure *you*—make you well—and bring you back to health and the joy of living!

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Will you let me do this for you—will you let me prove it—brother and sister sufferers? Are you willing to trust a master physician who not only *makes* this offer but *publishes* it and then sends the test and proof of his remedies without a penny of cost to any one except himself.

Nearly a million people in every civilized country on earth have accepted this offer. Not one has cause to regret it.

Send me your name, post office address and a description of your condition, and I will do all in my power to satisfy every doubt you have or can have that these remedies will restore you to health.

Tell me how you feel and the proof treatment is yours at my cost. No bills of any kind—no papers to sign—no obligation to buy—nothing but my absolute good will and good faith.

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NOTE: Our readers should take advantage of this liberal offer. We know Dr. Kidd and know his methods to be fair and honest.

(Continued from page two.)

knees, he cried, lifting up his skinny arms:

"'Let us pray to the God of our Fathers,' and when his prayer was ended he patted the head, now golden from the bleaching fluid, and said brokenly:

"'Some one will pay for this.' And so, Dinny, there will come a time of punishment, but what good will it do to the poor Kits? I am asking myself why is it that I am not a Kit like her? It is simply because I know better, and my training makes such things impossible for me, but I have given myself nothing of this. It is not my credit that I am not that poor girl, because temptation of that kind could not enter my life. Dinny! Dinny! why is it that there is so much wretchedness in the world? Poor Kit, ever in the shadow of her shameful life!"

CHAPTER IV.

KATHERINE, THE HEROINE.

"Now what shall I do?" and Katherine,

with a weary sigh sat down with her two friends, Mrs. Brisby and Mrs. Fallows. "Never again can I become a housemaid. My own experience was terrible enough, but I heard of so much worse when in those terrible slums, that I feel as though the world were a great whirling sink into which women are gradually drawn, whether or no."

Mrs. Brisby, who had been in the employ of Mr. Graham from the time of his marriage, and loved Katherine like a daughter, but her arms about her and whispered:

"Honey, darling, let us lend you the money so you can learn something sensible, and then you can go right along and earn good money."

Katherine kissed her, but shook her head: "Dears, I am not sensible, nor is there anything that I know. Just think, thousands of dollars were spent upon educating me, but I know nothing that will earn me a single cent! I envy those girls who clop along every morning with their neat packages of lunch, and the knowledge that they are earning an honest living, while I, who have had every advantage, cannot do a trifling things they do. I could learn, but people ask for references and want experience. How can I get experience if I am given no chance? Why, aunties, for all gratitude she so often shows these two good women, "sometimes I can well understand that God is masculine. If He were a woman He would be gentler with our sex."

Mrs. Brisby was a most devout Methodist, and she could not allow such a speech to go unheeded, and so she said gently:

"Katherine, it is not God who oppresses, but His children who have gone astray," and Katherine was too true a lady to reply, although her slum experiences had eaten into her very soul.

With a trembling smile upon her lips, she said gently:

"You two know nothing whatever of the real slums. It is something so terrible that it seems as though my heart would break. To see tiny children, sometimes with scarcely a bit of clothing, starving in the streets; honest honesty, virtue in the qualities we are taught to revere, sold openly; I tell you I am ten years older than I was before and yet I could only see on the surface, for you have to be just such a blot upon society, such a reproach to Christianity, to know," and shudderingly she dropped her face in her hands and began to cry bitterly.

The two women exchanged angry glances, then Mrs. Fallows said grimly:

"Well, I have my opinion of that clergyman who sent you into such life," but Katherine raised her face, saying quickly:

"No, don't say that, for he meant all right. He could not understand my unhappiness, and did not know the slums. When he goes in at stated intervals he sees a different phase. So much sickness passes on unchecked—underneath! I'm beginning to learn how much deep down on that way. I used to think in my foolish days that I could see all that was going on; how little I really did. Understand! In the wealth and wonderful luxury of my own life was going on the wickedness of my own father. Now that I have so little to do, I keep asking myself is it true with every one? has each person that terrible undercurrent, hidden from the world, which will eventually burst forth and deluge with sin the world that is a fine character? Every time, though," impulsively catching a hand of each, "I come to the same conclusion; I know two who are clean, pure and just as they seem." Then burying her face in the two hands which she drew together:

"And one other," and they were very black for while their sympathies centered on their darling's love affair, they had decided not to worry her with any undue advice.

Suddenly the fine young face was thrown back, and she said calmly:

"I'll go work tomorrow."

"To work tomorrow, where?"

"In a dry goods store. I have no experience, to be sure, but the manager seemed pleased with me, and was not backward in declaring:

"'You're "figger" is swell, and if you have more clothes like the outfit you've on, you'll make dandy sales,' and so, my dears, I may be able to earn a little."

"But, you a clerk!" and poor Mrs. Brisby began to cry bitterly, and she called the man she had served for so many years some very hard names.

"Never mind, I am to get ten dollars a week, something very original, but as I'm to be a cloak model, and my clothes suit the admirer of my 'figger,' I think I'll do, and at any rate I will not be on your hands."

"What did you wear?" Mrs. Fallows asked.

"My brown chiffon broadcloth, sables and sable hat," she replied carelessly. "I have so many nice clothes that I can be nicely dressed for a long time; it was only when I had to get plain ones that there was bother," and her face shone charmingly,

"Getting your clothes and diamonds like you do."

then she added, kissing each kindly face: "From now on, aunties, you have seen my last weep. No matter what comes, I'm going to laugh. It is Kismet, I suppose, and I'll meet it bravely," and in all her life she never received such admiration as shone on the face of those who had befriended her when she was crushed by the bitterness of her poverty, and the sense of shame hanging over her, keeping her from the arms of the man whom she loved, and who had given her such true cause to know that he adored her. Katherine was developing into a heroine, although she had no idea of the fact, her only wish being to refrain from foolish repining, and to become self-supporting.

CHAPTER V.

THE BITTERNESS OF UNDESERVED SHAME.

"Who is that tall, stately girl over there? I'd like her."

"Our best cloak model. She only shows our evening, carriage and fur cloaks, nothing else. Ain't she swell?"

The manager swelled with importance. The first speaker, a rather quiet appearing woman, replied coldly:

"Looking at her closer, I do not care for her, she is dressed far too fine for such a place."

The manager of the department now swelled with indignation:

"You lie!" Well, I guess not. Her clothes show off our fine wraps as none of the others can," he said angrily.

"Do you pay her enough to buy such dresses?" asked the other woman.

"We pay her good wages."

"Enough to pay for such clothes?"

"Well, no, her clothes are part of her value."

The two women glanced at each other and then at the cloak model, going a little out of their way to avoid coming in contact with her.

"It's a shame," one of them whispered. "Yes, but then none of us quite know," said the other, but both were convinced that poor Katherine was clothed by infamy, and that the remains of her costly wardrobe had been obtained by methods, the mention of which would have astonished the sweet-faced girl.

She was elegantly gowned, in a rich, trailing black velvet, exquisitely trimmed with point lace, which in itself had cost enough to keep its owner comfortably for many months, in fact Katherine had several fortunes in her clothes, jewels and laces, but she did not know this, nor did either of her critical gentlemen friends think of the money these would command if placed in proper hands. Katherine was simply glad to think that she could earn a living wage by wearing clothing which was handsome enough to grace the richest lady in the city.

Judging from the appearance of the store and the fact that she never shopped in it, she decided that it was not likely any of her old friends would come to it, but she little knew the value of herself as an advertisement.

One day the manager came to her and said rapidly:

"Come to my office as soon as you can," and a little grave, for she did not like so violent an admirer of her 'fine figger,' she followed him almost immediately.

"Have a seat; you must be tired," he said pleasantly, and she slid gracefully into one, and he looking as if he wished that he were a widower or a bachelor so he could place her at the head of his home.

His thoughts, filled with so entrancing a subject, he forgot for the moment his object, and Katherine felt annoyed, so at last she said coldly:

"If you do not want me I will go back to the floor, for several are waiting for me."

"Oh, no, I want to speak to you," he said eagerly, "and I want you to treat me like a friend and I will treat you like one," but although his eyes were eager, his tones were entirely business-like, and Katherine, after rapidly recalling several unpleasant experiences with floorwalkers and elderly men, who accompanied their wives to the department, decided that she had nothing to fear, so smiled in her bright way, saying:

"I certainly will, for you people have been very kind to me," and so believed, but not knowing how much custom she was drawing to the store.

"Good!" the manager said rapidly, although his face flushed painfully, "and we are going to treat you better, as a nice, pleasant young lady with such a fine figger," he began.

Katherine held up one of her beautiful white hands, upon which glittered half a dozen costly rings according to the fashion of the firm, "Mr. Mase" it annoys me to have you mention my figure," she said.

"Beg pardon, but there's no use about it, though you have a stunner. We appreciate your getting, though, and we've decided to advance your wages—I mean salary."

"Wages will do very well," Katherine said laughingly.

"Eh, yes; well, wages to fifteen dollars a week," and he drew back to watch the effect of his words.

"Why, Mr. Mason?"

"Because you are worth it," he said emphatically, not caring to mention that it was because other stores were after a rival would take her away.

"And then, Miss Graham, we want you to promise this. If at any time one of the other houses offer you some more money, tell us, and we'll fix it up."

Tears came into the eyes of the lonely girl. She could not understand the jealousy her fellow-workers, and to think that those who employed her were pleased with her work touched her greatly.

"Why, Mr. Mason, I think it would be very hard for any one to take me away from your firm, you are so good. I am exceedingly glad that I suit you, and I will try and earn the extra salary."

There was a modest tap on the door, and the fashionable buyer looked in her head:

"When you can let Miss Graham come back I will be glad. There are women there in shoals for her, and won't take no other. There's one who says that Miss Graham has the most perfect figger for evening wrap, and she's brought her sister to look at that gray one, and I'm sure you could wiggle the price at the price we marked it."

Katherine's eyes flushed. She loved her work, and felt as much pleasure in suiting her customers as well as following the whims of her house, as she used to in her social triumphs, and she jumped to her feet, saying eagerly:

"You do let me go, Mr. Mason, I must sell that gray wrap."

The manager nodded, then as the buyer's back was turned, he laid his finger on his lips to enjoin silence, and Katherine nodded. She knew there was no use of this, but it established a little intimacy between them, and while he esteemed her highly for its full value, he wanted to feel that she was just a little more to her than the rest.

The most graceful girl of the room, her eyes sparkling, she asked joyously:

"Who is it for?"

"Miss Graham, the gray cloak lady is the very last."

"Watch me get them all," Katherine smiled, and she did. Able to sell very rapidly, she fairly flew on the ladies who had been waiting for her when she left the floor, and with a few well spoken words sent them away, with the promise of returning in the afternoon, when she could give them a special account of things, for she had several things to show them that could not be displayed fully now. Leaving them, she swept along the aisle until she reached the gray cloak ladies, and greeting the one to whom the green cloak had been sold, shook hands with her, acknowledged an introduction to the sister, and at the same time managed to convey to the other two, who had been waiting longer, that they were to be favored with their entire hospitality.

"I am told that you want that gray cloak for your sister. You are an artist. It will suit her and her soft delicate beauty, but may I ask a favor? That cloak needs display. Let me put my hand here for you, and you see all its points, while I see to two of our customers who have been waiting for me so much longer than you will you?"

It was her faculty to keep warring elements from her work, and leaving the two ladies perfectly pleased, she went to the others, and in an incredibly short time sold them wraps which were the exact match to bring out their best points, and by inducing one from taking a black one instead of a soft mauve.

Further chapters of this interesting story of a young girl's struggles and failures and triumphs will be given the reader in next week's Ledger. It is a charming story and will richly repay perusal to the end. To all those who subscribe for the Ledger we are offering very valuable premiums. Please note on page fifteen that we give any six spring patterns that you may select from our list of patterns, free with each subscription.

The spinster has a strenuous time trying to make herself believe that she is a man hater.

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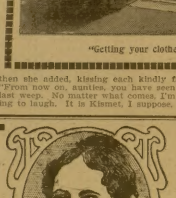

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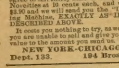

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By THE AUTHOR OF "DOCTOR RENHART'S WIFE," etc.

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Begun in No. 9, March 2. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XIII.
A VERDICT RENDERED.

It was the day before the one set for the trial of Alfred Drawley for the murder of his wife.

Sinley Towers was in his office sorting over some papers when he had a caller in the person of Jude Gannon, the logger boss of Highup. The old man was plainly excited. His big frame was quaking and his rugged face was white and drawn. In his eyes gleamed an insane light.

The sheriff shoved a chair, but the old man refused a drink.

"Towers, have you seen my girl?" blurted Jude at one fell swoop.

"Your girl?" Towers stared. "Have you been keeping one? I did not know——"

"Leone, I mean—Leone Gannon, the pride in the old logger angrily.

"I am sure I do not know," returned the puzzled official. "I hope——"

"There's no good to hope," snarled old Gannon. "Leone's disgraced me, her old dad, forever! She's run off with that scapegrace of a Lupine!"

Sinley Towers recalled at this. He knew that the girl had been very friendly toward the chief of Hinsbrow's Camp, but that she would do anything like this quite dashed him. He had known the fair lassie since a girl to deceive her old father whom she loved as well as daughter can. How did he suppose it necessary for the girl to enact a runaway marriage. There was no need of it. The match was one concerned Judge Gannon was as putty. She could retire him at her pleasure. But then would she do anything so foolish?

"There must be some mistake," said Towers.

"Not the slightest. I have found more'n one letter in my daughter's room after they left Highup. I don't know if they are even married——"

"Sir!" gasped the big officer.

"That sneak of a cook hadn't any call to sneak my girl away in such a way. If he'd been a man I wouldn't have said a word again their marriage. But, by the Eternal, sir, if he's fooled her in any way I'll kill him!"

The old man raged across the floor in a white heat.

"Are you quite sure there is no mistake, Mr. Gannon?" soothed Towers. "I can't believe that Leone would do anything so rash. Lupine may be a gentleman for aught I know to the contrary. If they have really gone together, of course they are married——"

The sheriff stumbled in his speech, and broke short off with a gasp as if for breath. How great was the shock to him that he could know, could have had been so long his friend and confidante; they had been so much. His good opinion of her, to have her do anything like this was like the slaying of a relative. Poor, poor Pig Bill Towers loved the girl too deeply to think evil of her even in the moment when the evidence was strong against her.

The officer calmed himself with an effort. He said:

"When did this happen, Mr. Gannon? Surely——"

"More'n a week ago. I was away from home, got back only yesterday. Wife said there had been a letter about a week; sneaked out in the night sometime. I've been on the hunt for them ever since. I've tracked. I've learned that my darter and that Frenchy young cook went off at the station to the east-bound morning express. Oh, they've run away for good and all, all right. I thought maybe you might know something about it, bein' as you's Leone was such a friend of yours. Have you a big-hearted like about her."

Sinley Towers was deeply moved by the news. He could, of course, however, His duties would hold him at the courthouse during the trial of his wife-killer. Of course Lupine and Leone were married, he assured the angry father, for the girl would not well in the end perhaps. He tried in a simple way to relieve the old man's mind, and in a measure succeeded.

"I'll never forgive the scalawag who robbed me of Leone," declared the logger. "Believe me if she shell ever set foot in my house again, that's flat; and what's more, if he has wronged a hair of her golden head he's as good as a dead man!"

Jude Gannon went from the room and Sinley Towers was left to himself.

It was a long time ere the big fellow could concentrate his thoughts upon the subject in hand. The news brought by the honest suffering countenance of Leone's discomfort jolly Sinley Towers.

Despite her scornful treatment of him, the trusty sheriff had not given up hope where Leone Gannon was concerned. That hope was gone now. She was lost to him forever. Something seemed to have dropped out of his life that nothing in the future could fill.

The big sheriff's helper did not hear his usual smiling countenance after that day. Although his self-pity was deep it did not match the pity and fear he felt for the girl he had lost.

He did not believe a man like dapper Mr. Lupine could make a girl like Leone happy. There was something superficial about the chef ily calculated to stand the test of time.

"Girls are queer," muttered Towers, as he once more settled himself at his desk. "I always set Leone Gannon down to be an uncommonly sensible young woman. I surely made a mistake. Somehow, ever since she set eyes on that whining wife-killer and helped him on his way to safety from the mob, she has been a changed woman. Then there is Alice Canthow. Of course she is not as fine grained a specimen as Leone, yet I thought her one of my most sensible girl friends. Now see what she is doing—spending her last cent to clear this infamous murderer from the crime every woman must abhor. Thinks him innocent, of course. His sleepy eyes and soft voice have made an idiot of one of the most sensible young women in the county.

"Gad! but women are all of a piece, daffy as anything where ttly little dark-eyed dudes are concerned."

With a stab like his fellow went at his work, and banished for the time all thought of Leone Gannon.

The morning of the trial dawned, and the prosecution had its array of evidence arranged, a fitting phalanx to pit against the accused.

A veiled female haunted the courtroom in the person of Alice Canthow. The reward offered by her father to employ the best legal talent available. Two very able attorneys were on hand to defend the accused, and Alice sat by the body of the prisoned and listened to the trial with intense feeling.

It is not necessary to go into the details of the trial, which lasted several days.

The principal witness for the prosecution was a remarkably pretty young woman named Alberta Drawley, whom the accused acknowledged to be his half-sister. On the witness stand Alberta Drawley attracted the attention of every occupant of the room. She was exceedingly fair, with a mass of black hair dressed in the latest fashion. Her eyes were black, slumberous and mournful, while her fine olive skin and rounded figure served to win the admiring gaze of every man in the room.

Neatly, yet richly gowned, Miss Drawley gave her evidence in a low, seemingly reluctant voice. It was she who had come upon her brother as he held his dying wife in his arms. He had scarcely withdrawn from the hatt of the deadly knife.

"I accused him of the murder and he did not deny it," concluded the girl.

Who could doubt that she spoke the truth? Her delicacy of feeling and gentle bearing were enough to win a way to all hearts. Even the jury themselves were from her upon the face of the witness. His own face was white and worn with sufferings, but his eyes, together with those of the jury, were fixed upon the face of Alberta Drawley as she told her sad story. She had talked with her lover, and from him learned of his half-sister, who had ever been at enmity with him.

Drawley had understood who would be his most dangerous foe once uttered the harsh criticism of the beautiful Alberta.

There was no doubt Drawley as the public had been led to suppose. Alfred was the name of the accused, although his sister had often termed Albert by intimate friends. The two names had in this way become confused.

Despite the efforts of Alice's hired advocates, the evidence could not be overcome. At the end of the second day the jury retired. Two hours later the twelve good men and true returned and rendered a verdict.

"Guilty of murder in the first degree!"

Such was the announcement of the foreman. Alice gasped as she heard it and was carried from the room by sympathetic Sinley Towers.

CHAPTER XIV.
THE CLOSING ACT.

The last act in the sad drama known as the Highup tragedy was about to be enacted. Sinley Towers, grave as a judge, drove with his wife-elect in a small sleigh outside of the town, thus hoping to avoid the curious.

Solitary confinement for life was the wife-murderer's portion.

No one seemed to doubt his guilt. The testimony of beautiful Alberta was what had sealed his doom.

Towers left the prisoner into the little station at daylight on an autumn morning. The place was unoccupied save for the congratulated himself on his cunning: he had escaped a crowd and saved the condemned man's feelings. This was something, for Sinley Towers was a heartful man, and could not witness such a scene.

Drawley sat in one corner while the officer bought tickets. His head hung low upon his bosom: he was clearly depressed.

What bright dreams had vanished with the closing of the final scene none but the prisoner could tell. His was a silent despair. He was not thinking of the dead woman now; ah, no! Another face haunted him like a half misty dream.

She came to him with a look that hurt. She had stood by him with the courage of a heroine. He saw her blanch, however, at the damning testimony of his sister. That had sealed his doom and he was ready to

(Continued on page eleven.)

STRANGE PREDICTIONS

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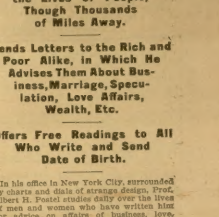

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Many a train has been wrecked in a ballroom.

Many so-called gilt-edged securities are guilt-edged.

There are times when it is better to look after leaping.

Eve had the best husband in the world to eat that time.

Custom is a poor excuse for making the same error twice.

It is possible for a man to be a failure without having failed.

Don't go about talking unless you know what you are talking about.

Still, Guggenheim will be there, so the Senate will not miss Dryden.

When a man is in love he gives; when he wants to be loved he forgives.

When a pretty girl is a high stepper she imagines that she has a walkover.

A young man can learn a lot by keeping his eyes open and his mouth closed.

When two people argue one is in the wrong—and just as like as not both are.

Can the German who says that metals have off a distinctive odor be thinking of the copper cent.

When a baby cries in a man's arms he immediately discovers that it wants to go to its mother.

Many a man who congratulates himself a lot at money the benefit of the get-rich-quick promoter.

It is possible for a man to have dollars in his pocket without having sense in his head, but they soon get away.

Do some people a favor and they expect you to keep up the pace week until the undertaker gets either you or them.

It takes a woman to sympathize with her friends in a manner that is calculated to produce a feeling of genuine uneasiness.

If Mr. Cortelyou plans up the Treasury Department inside he will never graduate into the Wall street school of high finance.

Economy enhances some people to pile up on his ability to deceive his wife doesn't stop to think that two can play at the game.

The first time a young man succeeds in kissing a clever girl she looks at him in a way that makes him wish he had got busy sooner.

Maybe Princess d'Antuni, who says that other worlds have better music than this back-number world, has never heard the efforts of American musical comedy artists.

Champ Clark in a merry moment suggests the President as the proper person to finish the Panama Canal. Well, the President isn't like a gentleman who couldn't do it if he were asked.

THE THIRD WOMAN;

OR

The Mysteries of Stanley House.

By MAJOR ALBION F. GRANT, author of "The Deuce of Diamonds," "The Stolen Millions," etc.

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Begun in No. 6, Feb. 9. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN WHICH I SEE STRANGE THINGS.

If I had not known that Price was one of the most thoroughly reliable men in London I should have been inclined to doubt his story of mystery.

But as I knew him so well I did not for a moment give his narrative a single doubt.

When I left him and again found myself on the street my mind went back to Veda Garragh.

I wondered if the Third Woman had any feeling for me, and then I thought she was from our last meeting when she had implored me to leave her and go my own life. It would be useless, I thought, to go back to the house from which she had sent me, but in five minutes I found myself on the way thither.

I found the street strangely dark and deserted, however. Here and there a pedestrian was visible, but it was not a busy street at any time, and the house which I had marked before it was as much of a mystery as the evening. I wondered if the Third Woman was coily in bed or whether she was elsewhere in the snare of the Cobra League.

I did not remain long on that unpromising thoroughfare, however, before I managed to get into a better locality where I walked into the Rand Hotel on the Strand.

After a look round under the garish lights of the spacious lobby I turned to go out into the street, and then I thought I saw through every nerve of my body.

I turned to find Ram Boni, the Ram Boni who in a part of his native costume was talking to a young lord with whom he had lately arranged a match. Nevertheless, a little fellow did not see me, so buying a paper at the news stand I turned and surveyed him furtively while I pretended to read.

At last Ram Boni passed within arm's length of me and vanished at the entrance.

In another instant I had thrown the paper aside and was at his heels.

I saw him in a hansom at the gutter and spring inside. I did the same.

"Keep that fellow in sight," cried I to the cabby. "It's a sovereign if you do it."

Off we went. I recalled my other ride upon which occasion, as the reader knows, I had run Ram Boni down, and this time I resolved that he should play no infernal tricks on me.

It was a long drive and a hot chase, and what was my surprise when Ram Boni passed going up Waterloo Road into the direction of Stanley House.

The Ram Boni's cabman stopped at last and the little devil got out, throwing a coin to the driver. I did the same, but told the man to draw off to a certain spot and wait for me.

Already Ram Boni had disappeared, although I was certain he had gone straight to the house. I was afraid to proceed boldly at any door, yet I was sure that the jugglers had passed inside.

As I came round a thick laurel bush I saw a light in one of the lower windows in the west wing and crept thither. The blinds were tightly drawn and the curtains, as I could see, were closed.

I was completely balked, but I resolved not to suffer under that misfortune very long.

All at once there came to my ears a strain of music and I pricked up my ears. It was such music as I had heard Muriel play many a time, and my heart seemed to get into my throat as I listened.

The music continued awhile and died away half plaintively and I heard it no more. Had I not been concealed by some dense shrubbery that grew against the house at the window I would have had the adventure of my life, for suddenly the curtain was lifted and Muriel herself appeared.

It was with difficulty that I suppressed a cry that would have betrayed my position, for in the light of the room and near the window I saw Muriel Vascon, the woman who Sellers feared, looked to not like a friend with Ram Boni!

The fair girl was deadly pale as though she had suffered much during the last few exciting days. She looked as though she had aged at least five years since I saw her at time.

On the face of the Indian sat a look of triumph. His eyes glittered like the eyes of a basilisk, and his little dark hands, no larger than those of a child, were like a dangerous quantity.

I found myself studying this strange tableau without power to move. I seemed rooted to the spot and for some little time I felt a cold wind move my forehead.

At last Ram Boni put forth his wicked little hands and moved them before Muriel's face.

I no longer seemed to breathe. I crouched among the shrubbery like some one in a trance. He was hypnotizing the girl.

Muriel for a little time tried to withstand the powerful influence, then she gently gave way, and sinking back, dropped upon a rich sofa across the room.

Ram Boni stood in the middle of the parlor like a triumphant monarch.

The evil little eyes glittered more than ever and his hands dropped again to his sides. I waited for the next scene in this singular drama.

I saw him glide toward Muriel like a serpent. There was the motion of the cobra in the dark-skinned little wretch. What he going to complete his work by strangling the girl?

He stood over her as the wolf for a moment stands over the lamb it has slain. I thought I saw his hands move convulsively as though he intended to transfer them to the fair white throat within his power.

I silently removed my Wexton from my pocket, resolved to shoot the magician should he attempt such murder. I would save her life even if I incurred the deeper hatred of the Cobra League.

Suddenly I sprang back with a sound in my ear and I saw Ram Boni stagger across the room with a cry, and the next instant the place became dark.

The shot had come from behind me, the bullet cutting a way through the trees or bushes and passing close to my head.

As I revolved I heard the closing of the shutters, the strange sounds of feet beyond and then I stood erect waiting for the next move.

What, didn't I get the black devil?" said a voice at my side, and I turned quickly.

"It is you, Sellers?" cried I.

"By Jove! Who are you? Come forward. I've got another shot for you if you are a member of a gang."

I went forward, repeating my words, and came face to face with Sellers, who cried:

"Darrell!" cried the young lord. "By Jove! this is luck. You have an errand boy, now, I'll be bound. We will solve this mystery at once. To the house!"

I first tried the front door, but found it locked. Sellers caught the bell knob, then pounded on the door itself as though he meant to break it in. No response came to his repeated summons.

"Where are the servants, the black devils of India are inside!" he cried. "We're going to get to the bottom of the mysteries of Stanley House."

He was a veritable athlete and, dropping back, he suddenly threw himself at the door and broke it in.

In another moment we were in the hallway.

"Quick! This way!" cried Sellers. "We'll find him and the girl."

Both of us knew the way to the parlor, but when we got to it we found it dark. Sellers struck a match, not wishing to waste time looking for the electric button, and held aloft the flame over his head.

"Gone!" I heard him cry.

It was true. Ram Boni and Muriel Vascon were gone.

"Muriel!" I was not looking for them in the parlor so we dashed back into the hall. The light there was now out and darkness prevailed.

"In the whole house in the hands of the fiendish?" exclaimed Sellers. "Ah, here is the stair."

He bounded up the dark steps and I was at his heels, when suddenly I came on a dead halt.

Words above had flashed down into our faces.

"Look on your lives!" cried a voice that thrilled me. "For the love of God, Harold Darrell, come no farther!"

I looked above and beheld at the top of the stairs the white face of Veda Garragh, the Third Woman.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE HORROR IN THE CHAIR.

Yes, Veda Garragh stood at the head of the stairs, and for the love I seen a whiter face than hers.

Mark Sellers halted just above me and I saw that he hesitated.

"For the love of God," Veda had cried, "don't come! Save Muriel Darrell!"

In a moment Sellers recovered himself and dashed on. I followed close at his heels.

In another instant the form of the Third Woman vanished, and I found ourselves in the corridor above.

"Which way?" said I as I saw my companion pause.

"Dash me if I know," he returned. "This is a house of mysteries sure enough. But we must find Muriel and Ram Boni."

The latter name seemed to goad the west wing as that seemed as good as any. Suddenly my companion stopped and I brought up beside him. Before us, it seemed at his wits' end.

All at once there was a half-suppressed cry and then the hurrying of feet and I dashed on to where I knew a staircase led down to the first floor and toward the point I had marked.

I found the head of the rather steep flight to hear beneath me that same patter of flying feet and, not hesitating, I bounded down.

A door opened and shut and I landed there unopposed and unchallenged.

I pulled at the knob and the portal yielded a little, then crashing all my strength, I jerked it open and felt a cool winds of night on my face.

The stars shone softly in their setting of deep blue and a breeze soughed through the great trees.

I was at sea.

"Where is he?" cried Mark Sellers, who came up against me out breath and laboring under the greatest excitement.

"I'll be hanged if I know, but was it a man?"

"You did not see the figure fairly?"

"No."

"Let him go," responded Sellers. "We'll go back and look for Muriel."

Back we went again. In the corridor above the shadows lay thick and the silence had an uncanny hold on us.

Something darted across the lower end of the corridor as we could hear by the scampering of feet, and we darted in pursuit. It was like chasing a ghost.

All at once something bright flashed in our faces and I heard a sharp report. Sellers staggered against me with a groan, but righted himself in an instant.

"Go! on!" I heard him cry. "I'm only winged a little, Doc; not knocked off my pins."

I rushed past him and reached the top of the main stairs. Something crossed, as I could see by the faint moonlight that straggled into the hall below, was almost at the foot of the steps.

I darted down, carrying my cocked Wexton in my hand.

"You?" exclaimed a somewhat familiar voice as I was seized and hurled back with tremendous force. "Look out that for your interference!"

In that brief space of time I had recognized Jelkins, the big maid.

But, recovering, for I did not propose to let that worthless fellow foil our plans, I grappled with her, pushing her against the wall with all my strength and at the same time calling for Sellers.

"Hold the witch," he cried as he came to my assistance. "Don't let her escape or hell escape you now!"

Considering I had on, but it was a task, for Jelkins was trying to reach my throat with her terrible hands, and I knew if she succeeded it would be fatal.

It took both of us to hold the strenuous creature.

She fought like a tigress, but we subdued her at last and dragged her by main force into the parlor where Sellers had once left off long enough to find the electric button and flood the room with light.

Jelkins was thrown to the floor where she lay panting and breathed, her teeth fairly grinding together in her impotent rage.

I never saw quite such a furious woman.

"Where is Muriel?" cried Mark Sellers when he turned to her. "Will you be kind enough to tell us what has become of Miss Muriel?"

"How should I know?" grinned the still struggling Jelkins.

"By Heaven, you shall out with the truth or I'll shoot you where you lie! Muriel in this house!" pursued Mark. "You are deep in this infamous conspiracy against Sir George."

She did not reply to this charge, but glared with impotent fury upon my self until I really feared that she had with her some of the strange instruments of death carried by the Cobra League.

"We'll kill you here," exclaimed Mark Sellers, "if you refuse to tell us where you are—Muriel and Sir George. Your key has told us that you are in possession of the secret—"

"Ram Boni?"

"Yes."

"'Tis a lie, a hellish lie!" screamed Jelkins. "He did not get the whole."

"Say you so?" said Mark. "Very well. You shall see. I'll go and bring him."

He started toward the door as though about to carry his threat into force when Jelkins raised herself on her elbow.

"He's on the second floor, is Sir George," said she. "But a sorry wretch you'll find him, to be sure."

"You know, then, the secret button in the wall" said I.

"Aye, who knows it better?"

"Then go, and on pain of your life, show us the way."

She got up and we escorted her from the parlor.

Not knowing what trickery the big maid would resort to I still carried the cocked weapon in my hand.

She went up the stairs apparently docile enough, and led us to the room where Price, the detective, had seen Muriel press the secret spring.

Once I thought she was about to turn on me and give us another tussle, but she suddenly put out her hand and pressed the wall at a certain spot.

A sliding panel as deftly set in the wall that its presence was not suspected moved aside and we looked into a dark opening.

"In there," said she.

"Go forward," commanded Sellers.

"And be shot like Ram Boni?" she replied, and Jelkins drew himself to her full height. I've looked enough upon the accursed thing."

I struck a match and leaned forward with breathless expectation, when suddenly I felt a strange fear that seemed to cling to my heart despite my efforts to remain brave and calm.

As the little flame shot upward and illuminated the apartment I caught a sudden sight of something in a large chair.

It looked for all the world like the magnified copy of an Indian god, black, grotesque, hideous.

I started a cry.

"Why don't you go in first and let the big maid?" shouted Sellers.

"My patient? The Third Woman? Sir George Stanley?" I exclaimed. "Impossible! That is not the face of Muriel!"

I threw down the dying match and found the electric button.

A light pressure flooded the room with light.

The thing in the chair—I dare not call it a man—moved a little. I saw the lips stir and the deeply embedded eyes open and close.

"It's His Grace, Sir George," said the Amazonian maid.

Before we could confirm her words a singular cry came down the corridor behind us and Jelkins echoed it.

"I've got them trapped!" I heard her say, and as we turned we saw three Hindus rushing upon us with drawn knives.

Up went my Wexton and I shot squarely in their faces. One of the ebon scoundrels

fell backward against the wall, then I was flung aside by Jelkins, but not until I knew that Mark Sellers was emptying his weapon into the faces of the Cobra League.

It was a battle for life and the elucidation of the strange mystery of Stanley House, and it seemed to me that we now had luck on our side.

CHAPTER XX.

WHAT THE THIRD WOMAN TOLD ME.

It was some little time before we knew that we had gained the victory.

Three little black figures lay in the corridor and when we looked for Jelkins she was gone.

Now there came a noise at the other end of the corridor and I looked into the face of Veda Garragh.

She came forward with her white face and eager eyes.

"Have you finished them?" she looked with a glance at me. "Have you settled accounts with the dread League and are you safe, Doctor Darrell?"

I assured her that as far as I could see we had really settled accounts with the Cobra League and that I was safe. She seemed greatly relieved at this.

She leaned forward and with her hands clasped on her bosom looked at them a long while before she spoke again. It was Sellers who called her from her abstraction.

"Where is Miss Muriel?" he asked.

"If she is alive she is in her own chamber by this time," was the reply.

Sellers, who knew where the room was, ran thither and I soon heard his voice.

"She is here and alive," he called.

"Thank Heaven!" I fervently responded, then turning to Veda, I continued:

"You are now out of the coils of the Indian serpent."

She looked at me in a strange manner as if secretly doting my words and leaned against the wall. In another moment she lay on the floor at my feet.

I picked her up and carried her toward her own chamber, looking down into her face in the deep fervency of my love.

It was an hour later before we ventured back to the spot where we had gazed at the object called Sir George.

There it was, still in the big chair as before, but the eyes were shut and then blinking like an owl's and the emaciated body as unlike Sir George as could be.

"It is not Sir George," I said after inspection. "Look at the peculiar forehead. But in the name of Heaven how could this terrible change have been brought about in so short a time?"

"It is the secret of the Cobra League," answered Mark Sellers, who shrank from the chair with a shudder. "What must Sir George have done to incur the vengeance of the Indian League?"

As we could not answer that question we crept away and went to another part of the house.

The days waned slowly after our last adventure in the house in Wootton Road.

Muriel said but little. Even to Sellers she was uncommunicative and acted like one still in the power of some terrible order.

Price came to Stanley House and looked at the living, breathing thing in the chair.

"Get the truth out of Muriel," said he to me.

"Then you still believe——"

"I do. She is in the power of the Cobra League. Get it out of that and she will tell."

"Sellers is trying to do that now."

Muriel came out of her fear only to go into a fever that threatened to sap her life.

For days she hovered between life and death, watched by Mark with all a man's deep love. He refused to believe that she had a hand in the torture of her uncle Sir George.

"Won't you tell me now?" I said to Veda as we baited in a cosy spot on the grounds while Mark was keeping his vigils in the old house. "Won't you bring back the secret? All the Cobras are destroyed——"

"All but the master's head, Ram Boni," said she.

Then she remained silent for a moment, and looking at me said slowly:

"It is too terrible. When I was in India I fell into the toils of the Cobra League just as Sir George had done. Sir George Stanley loved the occult and took much stock in the secret order which is the darkest in that dark land. When he came home he refused to sever the bonds that bound him to the Cobra League and had begun the writing of a book in which the secrets of the organization were to be exposed to the world for the first time. This intention for some reason was known to the League itself and some of its members were sent to England to wreak vengeance on its traitor.

"Sir George fell into its power. One night, some time before your coming to Stanley House, Muriel was spirited away and in some part of London initiated into the mysteries of the Cobra League. She loved Sir George, but her oath, one of the most terrible ever taken by any person, was between them and her filial duty. She gave him his first draught of the poison in the presence of a spy who was none other than Jelkins, whose infatuation for Ram Boni made her an easy victim of the League. How that poison is prepared I do not know. That is one of the secrets I never learned.

"As you know, the most skilled doctors and chemists in the world tried to treat Sir George's malady successfully. They all failed. Then you came upon the scene. It was your skill that was prolonging his life. When your advertisement for an assistant appeared I was sent by the Cobra League to apply for the place. It was my life or compliance. But I resolved not to hasten the event. I saw that Sir George was doomed. I had no hand in the theft of Sir George. That was accomplished by other hands, and Jelkins must have known the location of the secret chamber. Of the workings of the strange remedy that reduced His Grace from a large man to the hideous shriveled up thing in the chair I know nothing. The ways of the Cobra League are past finding out. Sir George may live in that condition for months, even years, but death comes at last. Ah, that is a pair went to France on their honeymoon.

The story of the wedding, which was quietly conducted in Stanley House, I opened the door of Sir George's room.

There I heard a cry that a ghost of sanity and expression lit up his eyes, but only for a moment. A smile came to his lips, but it was not the old smile of my patient; he extended his hand, I took it and holding it he nodded his head, seemed to stumble for a moment and died, mercifully died, as peacefully as a little child.

It was true, as I afterward learned, that he had been taken out for a walk after his punishment, which accounted for the prints of his shoes as Price had discovered.

I had one more question to ask my love, the Third Woman, and it had long trembled on my lips.

"Tell me, love," I said. "I have long wanted to know. Tell me why you killed my cobra, that night."

She gave me a look of ineffable sweetness and trembled a little.

In course of time Muriel came safely out of her fever, thanks to medical skill and the faithful nursing of Mark Sellers, and the

On the day of the wedding, which was

"You were even then under the Cobra oath?"

"Yes."

"And you killed my deadly pet. Why, sweetheart?"

"To save your life, Clarence. I was commanded to place the cobra in your room, I did it to——"

Her sentence was broken by a kiss.

(The end.)

Wonders of Science.

Blinks—If you have so much trouble with your teeth, why don't you get artificial ones? The idea of being bothered that way in this marvelous age of scientific and mechanical progress! I got a full set only a few months ago.

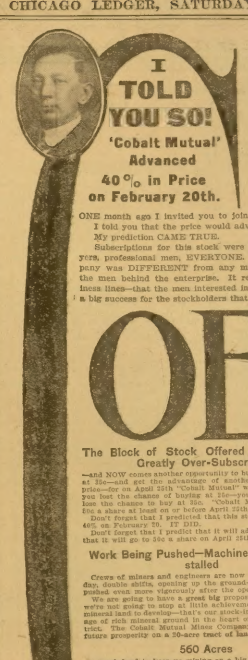
Jinks—Indeed! Are they a success?

Blinks—Success? I should say so. Why, I can almost eat with them.

Good Reason.

Ethel—I hear that Jack kissed Miss Coldcash in the dark last night.

Maud—Well, if you ever saw her in the light you would understand it.



Another Chance To Make 40% On Your Money!

ONE month ago I invited you to join me in making a fortune on "Cobalt Mutual" stock.

I told you that the price would advance 40 per cent on February 20th.

My prediction CAME TRUE.

Subscriptions for this stock were received from all over the country, from business men, bankers, lawyers, professional men, EVERYONE. The public recognized the fact that the Cobalt Mutual Mines Company, with a property second to one only in the richest mining district in the world, with a capital of $1,000,000 divided into 1,000,000 shares, with a treasury containing $50,000 in cash, and one car of picked ore that actually sold for $20,000.00, The Cobalt Mutual would be one that was protected with a thin skin of earth, filled with mineral deposits. In places the rock came out of the ore, and shows the rich silver values at once, so that you will be able to see for yourself. Though the property is small, I examined the entire property myself, and I have had a number of other mining men whose experience, ability and recognized standing placed them in a position to give me unbiased reports, and then I made up my mind that Cobalt offered the greatest chance in the history of mining for a great big, well-conducted, business methods mines company to make a vast amount of money.

Our stockholders—directors and officers are all stockholders also—are subscribing for more of the stock—taking every share that they can carry.

Now why don't you look us up—why not find out the responsibility of the men behind this enterprise? You can ask any bank anywhere—ask the standing of W. V. Coons, of Cleveland—or look us up in any of the commercial agency books. Then decide. We invite the most searching investigation.

As soon as the weather permits we are going to invite our stockholders to take a trip to COBALT—and see for themselves, just the same as the President and some of our stockholders have seen, the great holdings of the Cobalt Mutual Mines Company.

Will you go as a stockholder at 25 cents a share—or will you wait until it's too late to take advantage of this next raise in price? You are the only one to judge. The opportunity is yours. You'll surely buy 1,000 at 25c. Don't overlook this proposition.

The Block of Stock Offered at 25c Was Greatly Over-Subscribed

—and NOW comes another opportunity to buy "Cobalt Mutual" at 35c—and get the advantage of another 40% advance in price—on or about April 25th "Cobalt Mutual" will go up again. If you want the chance of buying at 35c—you should act NOW for it's a share at least on or before April 25th, 1907.

Don't forget that I predicted that this stock would advance 40% on February 20. IT DID.

Don't forget that I predict that it will advance 40% again—that it will go to 50c a share on April 25th. IT WILL!

Work Being Pushed—Machinery Being Installed

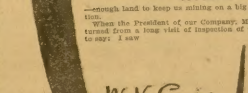
Crews of miners and engineers are now at work night and day, double shifts, opening up the ground—and work will be pushed much more vigorously after the opening up of Spring.

We are going to have a great big proposition in COBALT—we're not going to stop at little achievements. We have the mineral land to develop—that's our stock-in-trade—a big acreage of rich mineral ground in the heart of the COBALT district. The Cobalt Mutual Mines Company is not basing its future prosperity on a 50-acre tract of land—it has

560 Acres

—enough land to keep us mining on a big scale for a generation.

When the President of our Company, Mr. W. V. Coons, returned from a long visit of inspection of Cobalt, he had this to say: I saw



Nuggets of Silver

eighty to ninety per cent pure, weighing 300 to 400 pounds. I saw many carloads of ore running from $10,000 to $20,000 to the ton and one car of picked ore that actually sold for $20,000.00. The whole property seems to be one vast ore deposit with a thin skin of earth, filled with mineral deposits. In places the rock came out of the ore, and shows the rich silver values at once, so that you will be able to see for yourself. Though the property is small, I examined the entire property myself, and I have had a number of other mining men whose experience, ability and recognized standing placed them in a position to give me unbiased reports, and then I made up my mind that Cobalt offered the greatest chance in the history of mining for a great big, well-conducted, business methods mines company to make a vast amount of money.

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Will you go as a stockholder at 25 cents a share—or will you wait until it's too late to take advantage of this next raise in price? You are the only one to judge. The opportunity is yours. You'll surely buy 1,000 at 25c. Don't overlook this proposition.

Instalment—Payment—Plan

To accommodate numerous investors who have requested it, we have decided to accept monthly payments on "Cobalt Mutual" stock, as follows:

25% of the total subscription with option on the balance in four equal monthly payments drawing 6% interest.

Cobalt is Truly the Field of Fortune

You are going to be interested in COBALT some time. There's going to be a rush to it that mining district the like of which we have never experienced. Will you join in the stampede NOW—or wait until the price is much higher and thereby lose the chance to buy at the price of 35c?

Directors and Officers

The officials of the company are all well and favorably known, and are men of substance, character and standing in the community. An investment is a venture to any investor the fact that the directors and officers are eminently reliable and can be depended upon to conduct the affairs of the company fairly and honestly.

OFFICERS

W. V. COONS, President.
ISAAC DAVIS, Vice-President.
FRED EDWARDS, Sec'y and Treas.

DIRECTORS

E. G. HEMBRAY, Manufacturer, Ind., President The Hembrayne Glass Co.
FRANK C. DAIN, Cleveland, Ex. President National Concrete Fireproofing Co.
W. V. COONS, Cleveland, O., W. V. Coons & Co., Bankers.
E. W. HARRIS, Streator, Ill., General Manager The Illinois Light & Traction Co.
ISAAC DAVIS, Findlay, O., Wholesale Hard and Wood Manufacturer.
J. M. BARR, Findlay, O., President The Findlay Gas Company.
J. C. McDOWELL, Pittsburg, Pa., Vice-President Union Saloon Dishwasher Co.
JAMES B. HOGE, Cleveland, O., Secretary Cabled Solder Telephone Company.
FRED EDWARDS, Cleveland, O.

Cobalt Ores of Great Value

Here is the actual values of ores taken from a few of the Cobalt mines:

La Rose mine ores run $60,000 to the carload.

Jacobs mine ores run $60,000 to the carload.

Foster mine ores run $56,000 to the carload.

Nipissing mine ores run $41,000 to the carload.

University mine ores run $45,000 to the carload.

Trethewey mine ores run $48,000 to the carload.

Silver Queen mine ores run $43,000 to the carload.

Kerr Lake mine ores run $28,000 to the carload.

Nova Scotia mine ores run $27,000 to the carload.

There is every reason to believe that we have as rich and as productive ores as any others in the entire Cobalt mining district.

Write us TODAY for Special Report and Government Map in colors of the Cobalt District—and free stockpin of Cobalt Ore. For a limited time we will send to everyone who writes, giving their business or occupation, a sample of Cobalt Silver Ore, mounted in an attractive stickpin. One will be sent YOU if you write at once before the supply is exhausted.

REFERENCES: Any Bank Anywhere, or Dun's or Bradstreet's.

Strategic Movements.

First Boy—See here! Didn't I see you running down street yesterday with Bill Bounce after you, wantin' to lick you?

Second Boy—Y-e-s.

First Boy—What did you run for?

Second Boy—I was only running so as to get him away from home, so as his mother couldn't see him fightin'; but, by the time we was out of sight of his house, we got in sight of our house, and then, as my mother would see me if I stopped to hit him, I went in, so as to be out of temptation.

An Irish Lobster.

"Aw, g'on, Mike," said the British soldier, attempting to end the argument; "you're a lobster."

"Ye flatter me," retorted Mike; "shure, a lobster's a wise animal, fur green is the color fur him as long as he lives, an' he'll die before he puts on a red coat."

JOKES AND

Her for the Single Bliss.

Miss Elderleigh—Now that you have a husband, I suppose you haven't a single wish ungratified.

Mrs. Wedderly (sighing)—Only one—and that is a single wish.

No Bachiye; "Honey" Wasn't There.

They were newly married, and on a honeymoon trip. They put up at a skyscraper hotel. The bridegroom felt indisposed, and the bride said she would slip out and do a little shopping. In due time she returned and tripped blithely up to her room, a little awed by the number of doors that looked all alike. But she was sure of her own, and tapped gently on the panel.

"I'm back, honey, let me in," she whispered.

No answer.

"Honey, honey, let me in!" she called again, rapping louder. Still no answer.

"Honey, honey. It's Alice. Let me in." There was a silence for several seconds; then a man's voice, cold and full of dignity, came from the other side of the door.

"Madam, this is not a beehive; it's a bathroom."

Her Faith.

"And so you would trust your husband anywhere?"

"Oh, I assure you that I have unbounded confidence in him."

"Do you think you could trust him to associate with chorus girls?"

"Mercy me, have you heard anything? Don't keep it from me. Oh, the wretch! I know you're trying to spare my feelings. Ah, why—why did I ever trust my sweet, innocent self in any man's keeping?"

Life Insurance Solicitor—If you live twenty years you get $10,000—but if you don't, then your widow will get it.

Mr. Kutting Hintz—How will I know that she got it?

A Real Dilemma.

It was a steep grade in a mountain division and the old lady was a fidgety, highly sensitive person. She said to the conductor as he punched her ticket: "Conductor, is it a fact that the locomotive is at the rear of the train?" "Yes, madam," the conductor answered. "We have a locomotive at each end. It takes one to push and one to pull to get us up that grade." "Oh, dear, what shall I do?" moaned the old lady. "I'm always nervous if I ride with my back to the locomotive."

The Earl (who has just been turned down)—Pardon me, but you don't seem to recognize my station.

Miss Slamm—Oh, yes, I do. This is the station at which you get off.

An Everyday Scene.

Pedestrian—What's all that fuss about in that house—a wedding?

Resident—No. A new baby arrived last night, and all the women in the neighborhood are going into ecstasies over it.

Pedestrian—Who is that tall man all the women are crowding around?

Resident—He is a minister, come to fix a date for the christening.

Pedestrian—And who is the short man who shouts so much attention?

Resident—He is the doctor.

Pedestrian—Ah! I see. That no-account fellow, who is being pushed out of the way or run over, is the hired man, I presume?

Resident—No; he's the father.

Logical Deduction.

"Why, Jane," said Mrs. Sniffem, "you have been eating onions."

"Sure, ma'am," replied Jane, "an' 'Oi niver know'd yes wer a moind reader."

Having the Last Word.

Rear Admiral Coghlan, commandant of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, whose reputation as a relator of good stories has increased each time he has spoken at a dinner, told a story a few nights ago which was given to illustrate his distaste for being the last speaker.

"Having the last word," the rear admiral said, "reminds me of a story I heard not long ago.

"A certain man died and a clergyman was engaged to offer a eulogy. This worthy minister prepared a sermon of great length and strength, but just before he entered the parlor to deliver it he thought that it might be advisable to learn what the dead man's last words had been. So he turned to one of the weeping younger sons and asked:

"'My boy, can you tell me your father's last words?'

"'He didn't have none,' the boy replied. 'Ma was with him to the end.'"

"The Whiskey Without A Fault"

There are all kinds of whiskey sold today under the name of whiskey—but it is an undisputed fact that

HAYNER

Whiskey is unsurpassed for purity—and wholesomeness—having that mellow—palatable ever satisfying taste—seldom found in whiskies. We are the only distillers in the U. S. selling direct to the consumer, thereby saving you the middleman's profit—that is why we can sell you a full measure quarts at $3.20 and pay the express charges on our Bottled in Bond Whiskey which is made in our own registered distillery under U. S. Government supervision, full strength, full measure; absolute purity and age guaranteed by the U. S. Government as shown by the green stamp over the cork of each bottle.

OUR GUARANTEE

We will send you four full measure quart bottles of Hayner Private Stock Bottled in Bond Whiskey for $3.20, Express Prepaid, in plain package with no marks to show contents. If after you have tried it and if not satisfactory, send it back at our expense and we will refund your $3.20.

Address your letter to our nearest shipping depot.

Orders for Ariz., Cal., Colo., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash. or Wyo. must be on the basis of 4 Quarts for $4 by Express Prepaid, or 20 Quarts for $16.20 by Freight Prepaid.

THE HAYNER DISTILLING COMPANY, Div. 117

Dayton, Ohio St. Louis, Mo. St. Paul, Minn. Atlanta, Ga.

141 Distillery, Troy, Ohio. Capital, $500,000.00 Fully Paid. Established 1869

FOOLED THE PREACHER

A Doctor's Brother Thought Postum Was Coffee.

A wise doctor found out coffee was hurting him so he quit drinking it.

He was so busy with his practice, however, that his wife had to write how he fooled his brother, a clergyman, one day at dinner. She says:

"Doctor found coffee was injuring him and decided to give Postum a trial, and we have used it now for four years with continued benefit. In fact, he is now free from the long train of ills that follow coffee drinking.

"To show how successful we are in making Postum properly, I will relate an incident. At a dinner we gave, Doctor suggested that we serve Postum instead of ordinary coffee.

"Doctor's brother, a clergyman, supposed it was old fashioned coffee and remarked, as he called for his second cup, 'If you do preach against coffee I see you haven't forgotten how to make it.'

"This goes to show that well-made—fully boiled—Postum has much the flavor and richness of good coffee although it has an individuality all its own. A ten days' trial will prove that it has none of the poisonous effect of ordinary coffee but will correct the troubles caused by coffee. "There's a reason." Name furnished by Postum Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

Similarity.

The flamingo is mostly neck,
It twists and turns a hundred ways,
Reminding us how like we are
To flamingoes on rainy days.
—Buffalo Evening News.

The stork is mostly legs,
And therefore we'll agree,
That this odd bird is like
A musical-comedy.
—Kansas City Times.

Ladies, Preserve Your Youthful Appearance.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and roundness to the figure. Remember it is this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results.

Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

Springy.

"That's a fancy suit you have on," remarked the visitor in the dressing tent of the big circus.

"Yes," laughed the acrobat who jumps over six elephants every performance, "I call that my spring suit."

All Went Off.

"I hear all the parties to that shooting case lost their jobs."

"So I understand; even the pistols were discharged."

"De sheriff only had me one time in my life."
"And what did he do wid you then?"
"He didn't do nuthin' wid me. I outrun him."

JOLLITY

Bad Place for Footpads.

First Footpad—Where ye been?

Second Footpad—Down in Kentucky. 'Most starved.

First Footpad—Ye did?

Second Footpad—Yes. First I commenced on drunken men, but I found they hadn't any money, because they'd spent it all; then I begun goin' for sober men, but I found they hadn't any money, or they wouldn't 'a' been sober. Kentucky is no place for hard-workin' gents like us.

He Took Her Umbrella.

But it didn't rain. He would have known if he'd had a Dainty Maid Color Barometer which accurately foretells the weather. A great seller for agents, a good premium and a pretty gift. Postpaid to any address on receipt of price, 10c. W. P. Randolph & Co., 80 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Explained.

"Say, paw," said little Tommy Toddles, "this paper says Uncle John's wedding was a very quiet affair. What does that mean?"

"It's one way of calling attention to the calm that usually precedes a storm, my son," answered Toddles Sr.

Every Lady Read This.

Years ago when I was a sufferer, an old nurse told me of a wonderful cure for Leucorrhea, Displacements, Painful Periods, Uterine and Ovarian troubles. It cured me in one month. It is a simple, harmless lotion that can be prepared by any one having the recipe. I will send it free to every suffering sister who writes to me. Address Mrs. A. Bullard South Bend, Indiana.

Luring Him On

A very shy youth sat on the sofa with his lady love. Too diffident to pop the question, he gradually slipped his arm around her waist, and, after a long silence, blurted out despairingly:

"I don't seem to making much progress."

"Perhaps not," replied the lady. "But, anyhow, you are holding your own."

CURE FOR LIQUOR AND TOBACCO.

The Kansas Anti-Liquor Society is mailing free a recipe for the cure of the liquor habit. It can be given secretly in food. Also one for the tobacco habit that can be given secretly. The only request they make is that you do not sell recipes, but give copies to friends. Address Kansas Anti-Liquor Society, 15 Gray Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

How We Do Change.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Jellus, "been treasuring another man's picture all these years, hey?"

"Not exactly," answered his better half. "That's a photo taken of you, dear, when you had hair."

AGENTS WANTED

Nearly all the readers of THE LEDGER will find these advertisements of interest to them. There you will find among them some excellent chances of making money by selling goods to friends, neighbors and others. Those seeking such an opportunity either as a regular or temporary occupation, should write the advertisers whose offers follow.

AGENTS WANTED QUICK FARMERS STAND AT STOOLS IN CHURCH Every Farmer Wants One at Sight

Hammer Hatchet Screwdriver Pliers Nail Claw Wire Cutter Leather Punch Pinchers

One of our agents says he will make $1500 next year. We believe he will do it. Write us for terms. Sample tool chest and plan to farmers 25c. Male Agent wanted in every R. F. D. Route (Rural, Mail) Pkg. Co. Fredericktown, O. The Great Agents Quality House

Those We have used for Eight Years $1.25 and find to be reliable. The strongest tool chest—Ed.

AGENTS WANTED to sell the Celebrated Morris Transparent Handle Pocket Knives. Write for Terms. Morris Cutlery Co., P.O. Box 1, Morris, Ill.

Fish Will Bite Like hungry wolves at the season. If you use Magic Fish Lure. Best fish bait ever invented. You can get a string of fish every time you go fishing. Agents wanted. Write for terms and sample bottle. Address Magic Co. F. F. Gregory, 3219 Oregon Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

LOTS of MAIL

Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? If you have any advertisement very cheap. You probably have. Then manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers want names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, circulars, big matter, paper and circulars. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite valuable. Our Advertisers' Directory List contains such names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send those Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. The cost of arranging those names in suitable shape and taking care of them is considerable yet we only ask 10 cents to defray for our trouble. Write your name very legibly so the printer will not make a mistake, and your full address, and when you send the 10 cents written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. Simply enclose 10 cents with your name and address as above stated saying you wish your name inserted in our Agent's Directory List and we will insert it in the next Directory which we are now preparing.

AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST, MOHAWK, Indiana County, PENNA.

When answering advertisements you will favor the advertiser and the publishers by mentioning The Chicago Ledger.

Encouraging.

First Youth (at a railroad depot)—Traveled far?

Second Youth—Not yet, but I expect to before I stop. I am going West to seek my fortune.

First Youth—I just got back. Lend me a dime, will you?

Conscientious.

"Are you willing to swear that the defendant was under the influence of liquor at the time?" asked the lawyer who was doing the cross-examining.

"No," replied the witness, "I never swear. But I'm willing to bet you $5 to a nickel he was."

"There's a man at the door, sir, who's deaf and dumb, who is asking for charity."

"I'm he really deaf and dumb?"

"He says so himself!"

A Popular Girl.

Miss De Laine—You seem to be very fond of your friend Miss Hair. You never tire of kissing her.

Miss De Silk—Well, I do not care much for her personally; but did you notice what a sweet little mustache she has?

Her Suggestion.

"I am going to secure a niche in the temple of fame," said the poet.

"Well," replied his wife, "I hope when you get it you will turn in and try to secure enough of an income to enable our children to quit sleeping three in a bed."

Bashful Suitor.

Eva—Yes, he was so very bashful when he proposed to her.

Kathrine—You don't say. And did any one give him any pointers?

Eva—I should say so. Her little brother stuck several bent pins in the rug he had to kneel on.

Evasive.

Teacher (in manual training school)—What may be regarded as the forerunner of the modern automobile?

Shaggy Haired Pupil—Anybody that gits in its way.

Mr. Bashguy—Loggo, you chump. Don't you see that girl struggling in the water? I must save her.

Mr. Feckfun—Don't you do it. That's how I came to get married.

Cause of Monotony.

Editor—Mr. Paragraph, I wish you wouldn't write so many jokes about men who can't pay their bills; they are funny enough in a way, but so many of them are monotonous. Can't you get your mind on some other subject?

Mr. Paragraph (thoughtfully)—Perhaps I could—if I had a little larger salary.

A Natural Mistake.

Little Brother (bedtime)—Why don't you take your stockings off?

Little Sister (whose mother buys the cheap black kind)—I's dot all of 'em off 'at will come off.

It Pays to Be an Expert.

I want to be an expert
And with the experts land,
For it pays to muddle juries
By appearing on the stand.

AGENTS WANTED

Nearly all the readers of THE LEDGER will find these advertisements of interest to them. There you will find among them some excellent chances of making money by selling goods to friends, neighbors and others. Those seeking such an opportunity either as a regular or temporary occupation, should write the advertisers whose offers follow.

Rider Agents Wanted

in each town to ride and exhibit sample 1907 model. Write for our special offer. 1906 Models $10 to $27 with coaster brake and high grade equipment $7 to $12 1905 and Second-Hand Wheels all Makes and Models, good as new $3 to $8 500 Factory Clearing Sales. We Ship on Approval without a cent in advance and allow TEN DAYS FREE TRIAL. Tires, coaster-brakes, sundries, etc., at half usual prices. Do not buy till you get our catalogue and learn our offers. Write at once. MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. L-50 Chicago

$25 PER WEEK AND TRAVELING EXPENSES paid salesmen to sell guaranteed poultry remedies. STANDARD REMEDY CO., Chicago

$41.00 per Week and Expenses to men with rig to introduce our Poultry Goods. Fenetia Manufacturing Co., Dept. L, Terrenia, Pa.

$36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES TO MEN with rig to introduce our Poultry Goods. JAVELLE CO., Dept. 29, PARSONS, KANSAS

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES to Men with Rig to Introduce Stock Powder. CRYSTAL MFG. CO., DEPT. 1 PARSONS, KAN.

AGENTS, CREDITS, Factory Prices, Premiums, Big profits. Express Paid. Terms Free. Consolidated Portrait Co., Box 295, 850 3 Av. New York

SELL TOBACCO AND CIGARS. Salary or commission. Put this ad. back. Early reply. Address MORETON TOBACCO WORKS, Box 1042, DANVILLE, Va.

AGENTS PORTRAITS $35, FRAMES $3.50, crayon, Medallion Portraits, Stereoscopic Views, Stereoscopes, Catalogue Free. Consolidated Portrait Co., 850-3d Av., Adams St., Chicago.

OH! MY! Discounts to men and women AGENTS selling Dr. Foote's "Old Reliable" Family Remedies and books—proved the best by 50 years' test. DR. FOOTE, 1323 E. Fifth St., New York.

$100 A MONTH and traveling expenses paid men to place Pyeo-Pronto (the stock and poultry wild cure) introduced by former agents. Expense advanced. A. DANIEL PYE, PEKIN, Illinois.

AGENTS make big money selling our new self-adhesive sign letters for office windows, store signs, etc. Anyone can put on. Write today for a free sample and full particulars. Address METALLIC LETTER CO., 7th Floor, 413 Broadway, New York.

PICTURE AGENTS Large, Framed Pictures cost 6c complete, sell for $1.50. 100 subjects. Your time, or spare moments, earns $5 to $10 daily. Send 25c for sample, postpaid, and $1.00 extra for frame as illustrated. Big catalogue free. Picture Co., Dept. 106 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

$20 A Week—Expenses Advanced Men or women wanted by manufacturer to travel and appoint agents for household necessities. Special outfit and horse furnished. No capital or experience required. Franklin, 229 Locust St., Philada.

FISH BITE Instantly. All seasons. If you use LEDDLE'S FISH BAIT. Fish bite more instantly. Big return. Write for terms. Sample bottle 25c. LEDDLE'S FISH BAIT CO., Box 1, Rose Hill, N. Y. Agents Wanted.

W. G. Andrews, Box 1, 1005, Waukegon, Ind. Ter.—

$75 A MONTH Sure—Patented Aluminum Stream Spray Nozzle. Fits any hose. Throws a fine mist spray. Sells on sight. Every man has need. B. E. Smith, Oakville, Pa., sended $12.50 in one day. Sample 25c. Exclusive territory. Big profits with all agents. Spare moments earn $10 to $20 weekly. Write for terms. Address Nozzle Co., 1 Main St., Oakville, Pa.

American Advance Manufacturing Co., Lansing, Mich.

ENERGETIC MEN WANTED in every locality throughout the United States to advertise our goods, tacking up show-cards on trees, fences and along the roads. Steady employment. Good working motive. Commission or salary $60 per month and expenses paid. Horse, $2 per day. Steady employment necessary. Write for particulars. Address

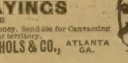
Wm. R. Warner Medicine Co., London, Canada

AGENTS WANTED

We want Agents to sell Our Radio-Cyclodor Suits and Pants. Suits from $10.00 up. Pants $2.50 up. We will give liberal commission to the right men. If you are looking for steady work for remote cards, postmaster and merchants.

Warrington Woolen & Worsted Mills, Dept. 14, Chicago, Ill.

KUT-TRUE CUTTER AND SHIRT MARKER



Cuts and marks shirts, collars and cuffs, ready for sewing, in one operation. Saves time, labor and material. Agents making from $5 to $10 daily. Sells on sight. Every lady wants one. Sample by mail 25c. Order today.

CLINTON MFG. CO., Oil Linen Cloth, Wis. Sole Manufacturers.

MAGIC BILL BOOK!

An automatic bill file and wallet. Holds all bills in order. Can be used in any ordinary pocket-book. Samples by mail 10c. AGENTS WANTED. W. C. WATKINS & CO., Box 1505, Pittsburg, Pa.

When answering advertisements you will favor the advertiser and the publishers by mentioning The Chicago Ledger.

SAM JONES' LIFE AND SAYINGS

BY HIS WIFE

AGENTS WANTED Agents are coining money. Send 50c for Canvassing Outfit and Contract for territory. Big Book, 7x10, Price $2.50 Circulars Free. L. J. NICHOLS & CO., ATLANTA GA.

Drunkards Cured Secretly

Any Lady Can Do It at Home—Costs Nothing to Try.

Watching His Father Get, Whiskey—Wife in Tears—Children Neglected—Home Forgotten—Life a Lingering Death—
And Drink Did It All.

The Drunkard Cannot Save Himself—His Women Must Do It For Him.

A new tasteless and odorless discovery which can be given secretly in tea, coffee or food. Heartily endorsed by temperance workers. If there is a drunkard in your home, surely that while the devoted wife, sister or daughter looks on, the whiskey is mercilessly eats against his will and without his knowledge.

FREE PACKAGE COUPON

If you fill out the blank lines below with your name and address, cut out coupon and send it to me, I will send you absolutely free, by mail, in plain wrapper, a trial package of my Golden Remedy. You will be thankful to me and I will thank you for it. Address Dr. J. W. Haines, 7256 Glenn Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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PATENTS Ep. book free. Highest refs. Long experience. FITZGERALD & Co., Dept.8, WASHINGTON, D.C.

RODS The latest improved; sold under guarantee. Used for hunting mines, coal treasures, etc. Cir. 2 cents. Address L. A. LOWRY, P. O. Box 2301-D DENVER, COLO.

A Friend in Need—Always with You.

WHEN you have Heartburn, Colic, Coated Tongue, Suspected Breath, Acid-rising-in throat, Gas-belching, or an Incipient Cold, take a Cascaret.

Remember, all these are not merely Discomforts, but indications of a serious Cause.

Nip them in the bud—eat a Candy Cascaret. Cascarets don't purge, nor punish the stomach like "Bile-driving" "Physics." They are like Exercise on the Bowel-Muscles that propel Food, and that squeeze the natural Digestive Juices of the body into Food.

* * *

Cascarets ward off, or cure, the following diseases:

Constipation	*Bad Breath*
Biliousness	*Headache*
Indigestion	*Diarrhœa*
Dyspepsia	*Flatulence*
Torpid Liver	*Jaundice*
Appendicitis	*Nausea*
Colic	*Vertigo*
Worms	*Pimples*
Piles	*Blotches*

In such cases a little Cascaret in time is worth fifty dollars worth of Treatment later on, to say nothing of the suffering, discomfort, loss of Business Energy, and loss of Social Sunshine it means.

* * *

Headaches, Heartburn, Gas-belching, Acid-risings in the throat, and Colicky feeling are sure signs of bowel trouble from food poisons, and should be dealt with promptly.

One Cascaret will stop the looming trouble, and move on the Bowel load, if taken at the first signs.

Don't fail to carry the Vest Pocket Box of Cascarets with you constantly.

* * *

All druggists sell them—over ten million boxes a year.

Be very careful to get the genuine, made only by the Sterling Remedy Company and never sold in bulk. Every tablet stamped "CCC." 716

When answering advertisements you will avor the advertiser and the publishers by mentioning The Chicago Ledger.

LIEUTENANT FAIRFAX'S TREACHERY.

By EMMA HOWARD WIGHT.

[Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 7, Feb. 16. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The glow from the setting sun rested upon the upturned faces of the wounded, the dying and the dead; cries and groans of agony resounded upon every side; coping the turnpike the ambulances were slowly passing; side by side lay the soldier who wore the blue and the soldier who wore the gray.

Doctor Boyer looked keenly into every ambulance that he passed as he rode slowly along to the turnpike toward the spot where he had seen his son. During the earlier day, in the midst of the strife and turmoil of battle, that white, agonized face, with its imploring eyes, had haunted him ancestor fully. It seemed to look up at him reproachfully from every field of carnage of battlefield. He had very little hope of finding Marshall alive.

When he arrived upon the spot where he had seen Marshall he stopped and looked about him. There were dead and wounded men all around, but one swift glance told him that Marshall was not among them. He was about to turn away when he heard his name called and saw coming toward him a Confederate officer. Then, after a moment, he recognized as Lem Ash.

"Why, Ash, is it really you?" exclaimed Dr. Boyer.

"Yes, Doctor, it's me right 'enough," was the reply. "I reckon I'm 'bleeged fo' you, son?"

"Why, yes. He was lying here badly wounded this morning when I rode by with General Sheridan. Do you know anything of him?" and Doctor Boyer looked keenly at Ash, remembering his bitter hatred for Marshall.

"He's over thar," Ash replied, pointing to a clump of trees about fifty feet back from the turnpike.

"Is—is he alive?" asked Doctor Boyer.

"Yes, he's alive, but mighty bad," Doctor Boyer found Marshall lying upon the grass under a big tree. His eyes were closed and his face was as white as death. Part of a coarse flannel shirt tied tight around his thigh stopped the bleeding of the wound.

I never expected to see him alive again," Doctor Boyer said to Ash. "Whoever brought him here and stopped the bleeding of that wound has certainly saved his life. Do you know who did it?"

"Well, it war me as done it," Ash admitted rather reluctantly.

Doctor Boyer stared in astonishment.

"You?" he muttered incredulously. "You, Lem Ash?"

"Yes, it war me. I found him over thar wounded, half crazed with pain and thirst, with the hot sun a-beatin' down upon him. I give him a drink of water from my canteen and then I got him over here under this tree. I seen the blood a-flowin' and was stopped thar wasn't no chance fo' him, so I took off my shirt, tore it into strips and bound up the leg. Then as I had done all the fightin' I cared to I jest staid here and took it kinder easy. I didn't keer long that he's been quiet lak that, he's been outen his head and ravin' like all fo'."

"Well, Ash, you've saved his life if he does pull through, there's not a doubt of that," declared Doctor Boyer, with a grateful glance at Ash's stolid face. "It was good and noble of you, taking everything into consideration."

Ash looked very ill at ease and abruptly changed the subject.

"Doctor, you all have done whopped us pretty bad," he said.

"Yes, you're pretty badly whipped, Ash." Doctor Boyer replied rather gravely. "The death-knell of the Confederacy in the valley has sounded. But I must attend to Marshall. Will you help me carry him to one of the ambulances?"

"What are you goin' to take him, Doctor?" asked Ash a little curiously.

"I am going to take him home to his mother," was the reply.

After they had placed Marshall in an ambulance Doctor Boyer turned and held out his hand to Ash.

"There have been many brave deeds done on the battlefield today, Ash, which will no doubt go down to posterity in history, but your simple deed of mercy, charity and forgiveness will be recorded above them all.

"I don't take no credit to myself, Doctor," Ash replied. "I never bore ner hearin' him; thar to dig. When you've hated a man as I've hated him all them years takin's no easy fo' to do him a mean turn in the end."

"You are right about that, Ash, therefore all the more credit is due you."

"Well, I reckon it war mo' the doin' of the girl with the lily face and the long yaller hair," declared Ash.

"Do you mean Virginia Fairfax?" asked Doctor Boyer, for he knew no other whom that description fits."

"Yes, that's who I mean."

"But what has she to do with it? I don't understand."

"You just ask her, Doctor; it's too long a story to tell now. Will you take a message to her from me, Doctor? Tain't likely as I'll ever see her again, fo' I am leavin' these here parts as soon as I kin get away from the fightin'. Ask her if she'll go sometimes to put flowers on my little gal's grave up thar on the mountain."

"I will tell her all that you have said, Ash. I shall never forget what you have done today, and I do not think that my son will either."

"He never knowed me, and I am glad on it."

"But I shall tell him to whom he owes his life," said Doctor Boyer quietly.

CHAPTER XXV.

"Early has been defeated," said May, coming into the library where Colonel Fairfax and Virginia were sitting.

"Impossible!" cried Colonel Fairfax. "Why it was declared in Strasburg this morning that the enemy was completely routed and that Early had achieved a great victory."

"It seems, however, that the fortune of the day changed in some extraordinary manner." May continued as she went and stood by one of the windows. "The Confederates are fleeing in great disorder up the turnpike, pursued by the Federals. They say that Sheridan arrived upon the battlefield just before noon. He was in Winchester and heard that the fight was the first knowledge he had of the battle."

Colonel Fairfax's head had sunk upon his breast while she was speaking.

"Alas!" he murmured, "I fear it is all over with us in the valley."

Virginia came softly to his side. She slipped her arms about his neck and laid her cheek against his whitened hair. Her eyes were full of tears and her lips quivered. As she looked at them May had to choke back a sob.

"What time of day is it, my child?" asked Colonel Fairfax.

"The sun is setting, father."

"The top of Massanutten is all aglow with golden light," said May, "while down in the valley it is dark and shadowy."

"Ah, dark indeed is the valley!" murmured Colonel Fairfax. "The sun is going down upon her woe and her defeat, to rise no more to find her conquered. God help the South!" God help Virginia!"

"Amen to that, father!"

May and Virginia started and turned toward the door as the threshold stood Royal. He seemed to have grown years older, so pale and stern and full of defeat was his face. One of his arms was broken and mangled, while across his forehead, from temple to temple, was a deep cut from which the blood trickled over his face.

"Royal!" cried Virginia, with a sob.

"My son, is it you?" said Colonel Fairfax.

"Yes, father," replied Royal, as he came slowly forward and sank into the nearest chair. "I am a deserter and a traitor, for I left, he went on, "and the cause in the Shenandoah Valley is practically lost. Our forces are in retreat with the Federals, under Custer, in pursuit. My horse," he paused a moment to steady his voice, "was shot under me. Poor, faithful fellow, he has carried me bravely through every battle I have fought. The turnpike is blocked and the Federals are capturing our wagons and guns. My only chance to escape being cut off I was forced to try for cover here. If I was observed by any of the Federals, however, they will soon be after me."

"Royal, your voice sounds as though you were suffering physical pain," said Colonel Fairfax. "Are you wounded?"

While Royal had been speaking May had quietly left the room.

"Well, yes, father, I have a bayonet cut on the forehead and my arm is broken," replied Royal. "I must get to the hospital in Strasburg to have my arm attended to. I may be able to reach there by the river road."

"Where is Cephas, Royal?" asked Virginia.

"I do not know. Heaven grant that he is not wounded or—killed."

At that moment May came quietly into the room.

"Oh, Royal, there are some Federal soldiers coming in at the front door," she cried.

"So I was seen," said Lieutenant Fairfax quietly. "Well, I may as well go and deliver myself up."

"No, not yet, child," exclaimed Colonel Fairfax. "Remain here and I will go and speak to them. Give me your arm, Virginia."

Leaning upon his daughter's arm, Colonel Fairfax left the room and advanced down the hall toward the Federals, about five in number, who stood just beyond the threshold of the front door.

A young Federal officer stepped forward with a discovered bend and spoke:

"I am in search of Lieutenant Fairfax, a Confederate officer, whom I have reason to believe has taken refuge in this house," he said. "Have I, sir, whether or not you have seen him."

"Lieutenant Fairfax is my son. Colonel Fairfax replied. "I have not seen him." He hesitated a moment and then added, "It is not in my power to see any one. I am blind."

The officer, he was a young, handsome, brave-looking fellow, removed his hat at his. Then he spoke very gently:

"You are Colonel Fairfax, sir?"

"Yes, I am Colonel Fairfax."

"You are a brave soldier, a man of honor and a gentleman, I believe, sir, and I assure me on your honor that your son, Lieutenant Fairfax is not in this house and I will withdraw immediately."

"I regret, sir, that I am unable to give you such an assurance, and Colonel Fairfax quietly.

An expression of regret passed over the face of the young officer.

"I am very sorry, Colonel Fairfax," he said, "that I feel that I must search your house."

He was about to turn to his men when May, who had come into the hall a few moments previous, now came quickly forward and spoke:

"One moment," she said, addressing the Federal officer, "Lieutenant Fairfax has been in this house," she went on, "but I assure you on my honor that he is no longer here."

MOST WONDERFUL VEHICLE BOOKS FREE

IF YOU EXPECT TO BUY A VEHICLE—Buggy Road Wagon, Farm Wagon, Surrey, Phaeton, Business Wagon, Speedsters, Delivery Cart, or any kind of a Spring Vehicle, Harness, Saddle, Blanket, Robe, Whip, Fly Net, Horse Clothing, Stable Furnishings, Implements, Tools, Tents, Awnings, Canopies, Etc., send for our Free Catalogue. Our quality and sales-delivery guarantee, our small profit above our manufacturing cost, our Factory Prices, our Square Dealing and our Binding Guarantee will show you why we can offer you the largest vehicle factory in the world and why we have the largest vehicle business in the world. Prices above manufacturers' cost. Prices about wholesale dealers' cost. Prices about retail dealers' cost. We can save you $5.00 to $15.00 on a road wagon, $15.00 to $40.00 on a Buggy or phaeton, $10.00 to $30.00 on a Surrey, $10.00 to $25.00 on a Harness, all at very low or no interest rates as against the lowest prices you can get elsewhere. Our Vehicle Book and Harness Book, sent FREE, will show you the exact styles of rigs to suit everyone. No more to get than the dealer charges. Just write us a letter or a postal card and we will send you the books by return mail, and you will be more than surprised at our Free Wagon Offer. We show every kind of horse vehicle, also business delivery wagons for grocers, butchers, bakers, etc. Don't fail to write and ask for our FREE Wagon Catalogue.

THESE ARTICLES FREE IF YOU BUY FROM US.
You get our valuable Profit Sharing Certificates on every purchase, and as soon as you have bought $25.00 worth of goods you can select any one of the articles shown in the cut, both free, or a buggy whip, fly net, horse blanket, lap robe, or any of the numerous articles mentioned in our catalogue. All strictly high grade. If the Morris chair, couch or dresser free for lower amounts. All fully explained in our Buggy Vehicle or Wagon Catalogue. Write us once, many if you want the free Vehicle Book or the free Wagon Book and save $25 to $100 on your purchase. Don't buy a vehicle or harness of any kind, anywhere, until you have written us about it. Send us a postal. Address, SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

STOMACH Troubles Cured

NEW DEVICE CURES WHERE ALL DRUGS HAVE FAILED

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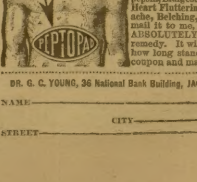

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The Federal officer bowed.

"That being the case to search the house is unnecessary," he said.

He turned and left the house, followed by his men.

"May, what does this mean?" asked Colonel Fairfax, somewhat sternly.

She went up to him, put her arms about his neck and kissed him.

"It is the truth, dear," she said, "Royal is no longer here. When I left the library I went to the stables and had Black Jim saddle Steamboat. I felt almost sure that the Federals would be here after Royal. Sure enough, as I came back to the house I saw them going up on the porch. After you and Virginia left the room I told Royal that Steamboat was in the stable saddled and bridled and for him to go there, leaving by the window. He left at once and is now on his way to Strasburg by the river road."

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Massanutten Hotel in Strasburg, a long, two-story building of dingy red brick, was used as a hospital. Upon the morning following the battle of Cedar Creek, Virginia rode up to the front entrance of the hotel as Doctor Boyer was leaving.

"Doctor, Royal is here, is he not?" she asked.

"Yes, he is here, my dear," the doctor replied, as he went up to her.

"And how is he?"

"Um, he is doing very well. He will be able to go home in a few days.

"Can I see him, Doctor?"

"Why, yes, of course. But, my child, I had better prepare you; I don't want you to receive a shock. Your brother's arm was so mangled that we were forced to amputate it. You know it was struck by a piece of shell. There, my dear, don't look so distressed; you mustn't go to Royal with that white face. He has lost the use of his left arm as one of the fortunes of war. Come on now."

He lifted her from her horse and they went in together. Every room in the old hotel, the halls and all the outbuildings were crowded with both Confederate and Federal wounded, each doctor and every Southern women were in attendance upon them, making absolutely no distinction in their gentle ministrations between those who had worn the blue and those who had worn the gray.

"I shall come here every day, Doctor, and help to nurse these poor fellows," said Virginia, as they walked down the hall.

Doctor Boyer nodded as he paused beside a cot upon which Royal lay.

"I shall leave you here for just fifteen minutes," he said, and went away.

"Oh, Royal," murmured Virginia, turning very pale again at the sight of his empty sleeve. His arm had been amputated at the shoulder. Then, for the first time, he saw that Cephas was crouched on the floor beside the cot.

"Why, little sister, how pale you are!" said Lieutenant Fairfax with a smile. "Are you frightened at my empty sleeve? Why, you're as bad as Cephas; he's been making a great to-do."

"Where did you find Cephas?" asked Virginia, as she made an effort to recover herself, though the sight of the tears running down Cephas' dusky cheeks made it rather difficult to maintain her own self-control.

"I didn't find Cephas; he found me," replied Royal, with an affectionate glance at the old negro. "He did rather make a row with the guard when they refused to let him see me, but when I had given them the wink with a fair female, I had not left for May I reckon they would have had me."

Virginia told him all that had occurred.

"May is a wonderful girl," Lieutenant Fairfax replied, when she had finished. "The doctor says if I am careful I can go home in a few days, Virginia. My fighting days are over, and I am quite willing to be passed over his white face."

Virginia laughed through him with quiverous lips.

"Dear, what more, save your life, have you to give the South?" she murmured.

A little later, as she was leaving the hospital with Doctor Boyer, she said to him:

"Marshall is at home, Virginia. I brought him from the battlefield very badly wounded. In fact, he would have died upon the field had it not been for—Lem Ash."

She lifted her eyes timidly to his face.

"What do you mean, Doctor?" she asked. "He refused to leave me. Lem Ash had orders for Marshall and then added:

"He told me that you would explain how he came to save the life he hated and upon whom he had sworn to be avenged. I am very curious, yellow-haired pickaninny."

Virginia, a little shyly, told him how she had encountered Ash upon the mountain and of her appeal to him. When she had finished it was a thoughtful face before the doctor spoke.

"That was, taking it altogether, a rare night's work of yours, my child," he said at length, and there was something very like tears in his eyes as he looked down upon the girl's beautiful face which had grown very pale.

"It makes me very happy to know that my appeal was not in vain," she answered softly.

Then Doctor Boyer delivered Lem Ash's message.

This dramatic story of war-time days will be continued in next week's Ledger, presenting the readers with some very startling episodes and situations. Its perusal is the well helping of food you. If you are not a subscriber to the Ledger, you are missing a treat. Be in the line of subscription at once. If you do so, we will be glad to send you free any six patterns you select from our pattern page. Look at our advertisement on page fifteen.

Leone's Lovers.

(Continued from page five.)

"The sooner, he felt, the better. There was nothing more to be said or done.

"I am innocent, though, God knows I am!" he muttered, as he left the library.

"Yes, Alfred, and I know you are!"

The words came from behind him, and he encountered a sharp rock. A soft arm crept about his neck, and a burning kissed his cheek. He was enwombed with wild, weak astonishment. Beside him on the path stood Leone he had been thinking—Alice Cantinos.

"They have condemned you, Alfred," she said in a thrilling voice.

"Are you guilty?"

"I know I am innocent; but you, Alice—"

"I know it also," she broke forth, yet in a scarcely audible voice. "I will never desert you, Alfred, never."

"How good you are, Leone you are," murmured he, a tear starting. "But it is too late."

"Or too late, my dear," cried the girl resolutely. Then she repeated herself and her tone became triumphant. "I will go to Governor, the Pardon Board, I shall stand or fall with you."

He looked into her brave face and smiled. He could even appear brave and almost happy now. And he felt this courage and optimism on her part meant no hope for him. He knew it; she did not. He would not dash her hopes. He said simply:

"Don't wreck your life for me, Alice."

"I shall not, never fear."

"It was very good in you to come to see me off," said he musingly.

"I meant to do it all the time. You must be cheerful, Alfred. When you are free think of me who is ever at work for your redemption."

He pressed little Alice—

"Not so," she cried, a catch in her voice. "I am a little child no longer, but a full grown girl, a woman of the world, capable of loving pure manly and gentle womanly qualities. If you look saddens and are weak anywhere that you should be strong, if you are losing your memory and getting old before your time, try the HIGH medicine on earth—the one that does NOT contain poison and does NOT excite or stimulate—the one that CURES quickly and cheaply, the one that cured over 680,000 in eight years. Send to

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"What! Is there money at stake?"

A little. It was left to me, with a proviso that Alberta was to have it in case of my death. The property was unincumbered in trust till next year. I don't like to think—"

"That accounts for it," broke in the girl. "Alberta was censorious in her testimony against you. Do you know what I think?"

The girl was trembling with excited feeling.

"Be calm, Alice," he urged, not heeding her question.

"I am calm, see, as an iceberg. But I know that Alberta swore falsely."

"Swearing my dear," broke in the other. He would not defame the girl who had so cruelly sent him to his doom. His generosity touched Alice in a tender spot. "All that Alberta testified to was quite true. She found me as she stated, with my dying wife in my arms. Never blame her for that. She told only the truth—"

"Only a part. She did not tell how you stole upon Elspin Drawley and drove a knife into his heart, then, seeing nothing else upon the scene, and a moment later revived herself and accused you of the murder."

"Can Alice, how can you think that?"

He had his white face in his hands and regained her with a new light in his dark eyes. "I have thought of such things myself, but it was all too terrible to entertain."

"And yet it occurred for the murder will yet save you, Alfred," said the girl, pressing his hand for the last time as the steam horse panted into the little station.

"I won't say good-bye," she remarked.

Sir Edward Towers approached and nodded welcome.

"God bless you, Alice, but don't bank too much on a pardon possible."

He kissed her hand and turned away before she could reply. There was a click of a door, the call of "All aboard" from the conductor. A young girl stood alone on the station platform, dizzy and faint, yet withal brave and determined to do and dare in the cause of the man she loved.

"The infatuation of woman!" sneer the unfeeling.

When Alice went back to her home she found old Jude Gannon in arms, eager to denounce the traitor, and soliloquize openly after his runaway Leone.

Sir Edward Towers and Alice Towers went back to Hinsboro's Camp. A receiver had been appointed, and Alberta was in a measure relieved of being admitted. It was to see Alberta that the sheriff went. She still lived at the "big house," and had been left from the reward. She was fully husbanding it for future use.

During the time Alice had kept herself posted on the doings of Alberta Drawley. That young person, as I regretted herself in the little fortune left to her brother. A wide acquaintance was "just as good as dead" for her purpose she reasoned, and so she would soon receive, as the only living heir, the money willed to her late brother.

Alice met the girl on several occasions during the next several months. Despite her conviction that Alberta was a scheming, unscrupulous, Alice could not help liking her. The two girls soon became quite friendly.

Sir Edward Towers found Alice and called her aside.

"I am commissioned by Jude Gannon to find his daughter," said the big fellow. "What do you think of that, Miss Cantinos?"

"I think you have a hard task before you," replied the girl.

Towers bit his lip and reflected.

"It is not a pleasant one, and yet—"

"And yet duty points the way," said Alice quickly. She had thought many times of her old-time friend, and wondered what had been the outcome of her runaway. It was more than a year since she left. Alice knew her friend too well to doubt that.

"Duty is a hard master to serve, I sincerely hope everything is all right."

The giant official was deeply thoughtful. At length he looked up at Alice about Leone. He learned from her about her friend's expectations.

"If there is a Colonel Thomas Lupine in Washington I shall soon know him," said Towers, turning to his camp-crowded line and dashing over.

"If Leone Devious till you return, Mr. Towers," remarked Alice.

"I shall call the moment I return."

And then the big fellow turned and walked hastily from the spot.

Next week will be the fourth in the conclusion of this highly interesting story. Do not miss it. Subscribe at once. We ought to do so, as it is acknowledged to be one of the most entertaining papers printed in the country. Send a subscription now and fifty-two copies of the Ledger and six fine patterns will be sent. See premium advertisement on page fifteen.

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Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore, has a keen sense of humor. Recently he was the guest of a Lyman friend, Frank Murphy, in Mount Vernon Park, Baltimore. In the Murphy home is a butler of Mrs. Partington proclivities, and on the occasion of Cardinal Gibbons' informal visit to the Murphy home its mistress had been under the necessity of reminding the obsequious servant that the distinguished guest was to be addressed always as "Your Eminence."

On the present occasion, when the cardinal rang the bell, the man of impressive countenance answered, received the card and, turning announced to Mrs. Murphy, "Please mum, your eminents has came."

No one enjoyed the joke more thoroughly or laughed more heartily at it than did the genial cardinal himself.

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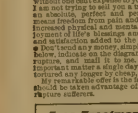

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the door and, motioning the two to seats, took a seat himself.

He eyed Roy keenly, and then asked the man where he had found the youth.

Fenner explained, and when the other had heard all, he said to Roy sharply:

"So you were trying to spy out Captain Jericho's hiding-place in order to carry the news to the authorities and secure the reward, were you?"

CHAPTER VII.
CAPTAIN JERICHO.

Roy stared in surprise.

"Captain Jericho?" he exclaimed. "Who is he? I never heard of him before."

The captain of the band of road agents—for such they were—now stared in surprise, in his turn.

"You never heard of Captain Jericho?" he queried skeptically.

"No, sir."

"Humph! How long have you been in this part of the country?"

"Only a short time, sir. I arrived in Cripple Creek day before yesterday, and came on up to Richton yesterday."

"Where are you from?"

New York."

"Eh,—New York, you say?" The man betrayed great interest.

"Yes. I came straight from New York to Canon City, and then on up to Cripple Creek."

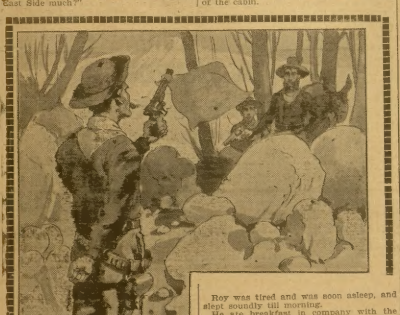
"Where did you live, in New York?".

Roy told him the street and number.

"I know where that is," with a smile. "I'm an old New Yorker myself."

"Are you?" replied Roy. And then he added, while looking at the man in a thoughtful manner: "It seems to me as if I have seen you before."

"Ever around the Bowery or over on the East Side much?"



With a handkerchief tied to his revolver.

"Not a great deal; still I've been in those localities a number of times."

"Well, the Bowery used to be my stamping ground. I was known as Duke Dunlap in those days."

Roy started.

"I remember now!" he exclaimed. "I used to sell papers, and about three years ago the Bowery Savings Bank was robbed; your name was mentioned as being concerned in it."

"You're right, boy. And I left the city soon after that, and have been out here in the mountains ever since. By the way, what is your name?"

"Roy Wells."

"What is your business out here?"

"I have come out here to make my fortune," with a smile.

"The same as we have, eh?"

"You've got in the same way."

"Well, you won't make your fortune by mining, you may make up your mind to that."

"I don't expect to do so. But I intend to make a living—to strike it rich, as the miners say."

"You never do it, youngster. Better join us."

Roy shook his head.

"No," he said; "if I can't get rich honestly I won't get rich at all."

"Bosh! You are foolish."

"I don't think so."

"And so you expect to strike it rich, eh?" with a smile.

"I am going to do my best, sir."

"Prospecting, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you may keep prospecting till you are old and white-haired and still be poor. Better give up that idea."

But Roy shook his head.

"No," he said. "I've come out here to make a strike, and I'm going to do it."

The road-agent chief smiled.

"Well," he said, "so far as I am concerned, you shall have the opportunity. You will remain here in my camp till morning, and then you will be conducted away, blindfolded, so that you won't be able to lead the officers of the law to this place, and then you may go on with your prospecting. I wish you success."

"Thank you, sir."

Then Captain Jericho, as he was known in this region, asked Roy a lot of questions about New York, first dismissing the fellow who had conducted Roy into the cabin. The youth answered promptly, and gave the robber chief word descriptions of the city as it now was.

At last the chief told Roy to lie down in a bunk in one corner.

"You are to be my guest tonight," he said. "I am sorry that I cannot free your wrists, but trust that you won't be very uncomfortable."

"Oh, it doesn't bother me much," said Roy. "If they were tied together behind my back, it would be uncomfortable, but in front, this way, it does not so much matter."

Then Roy got into the bunk indicated, and the robber chief left the cabin and was gone perhaps five minutes. Doubtless he went out to tell his men that Roy would remain in the cabin over night; so Roy guessed, at least.

Then the chief extinguished the light and lay down in another bunk, at the other end of the cabin.

Roy was tired and was soon asleep, and slept soundly till morning.

He ate breakfast in company with the robber chief, who talked about New York with a relish.

"I'm going back there, some time," he said.

"So am I," smiled Roy. "I'm going back after I have made my strike."

"How big a strike do you figure on making?"

"Oh, nothing short of a million will satisfy me."

Captain Jericho laughed.

"Then you have seen New York for the last time," he declared.

"You don't have much faith that I will be successful, I fear," said Roy.

"You are right, I don't. Strikes are few and far between in this region nowadays."

"But Stratton struck it rich in Cripple Creek."

"Yes, and that will be the last time that such a thing will occur for years to come."

"Perhaps so, sir."

"I hope that you may succeed, youngster," with a smile. "For if you should, a great mining camp would spring up, and money would be coming in and out all the time, and that would give me a chance to get hold of a lot of it."

Roy laughed.

"I see," he said. "So you really have an interest in my success, don't you?"

"Yes, I hope that you may succeed, but I would be willing to wager a thousand dollars against a copper cent that you don't."

"That is big odds."

"Yes, but the history of mining prospecting makes the odds justifiable. There are hundreds of old, gray-headed prospectors in the State of Colorado today who have spent the bigger portion of their lives tramping over these mountains with never a thing to show for it."

Roy looked sober and thoughtful.

"I suppose that is the truth," he said. "But I may be the lucky one, you know."

"That's what they all think."

"I suppose so."

After breakfast Roy was given a large package of food, and then his eyes were bandaged, and he was led away by Bill Fenner, with instructions to take him to such a distance that it would be impossible for him to find his way back to the rendezvous.

Roy was conducted along for more than an hour, and then at last Fenner told him to stop.

"This is far enuff," he said. "Ye couldn't find ther rendyvoo in er year."

He freed Roy's wrists and removed the handkerchief from over his eyes and then handed him his Winchester and the package of food.

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"Thar ye air," he said. "Now hike in enny direckshun ye wanter."

"Thank you," said Roy.

"Away ye go,' said Fenner. "I'll stan' heer till ye're outer sight, fur I don't wanter take enny chances on lettin' ye foller me."

"All right; good-bye," and Roy walked away, down the mountain.

Roy trudged over the mountains all that day, looking for game, and occasionally shooting at some, but he did not bring any down.

Nor did he forget that he was prospecting as well as hunting, for he frequently paused and broke up pieces of quartz, in the hope of finding some that would have streaks of gold.

He was not successful, however; but he reasoned that he could not expect to be successful the first day or two.

"I mustn't be in a hurry," was his thought. "I must be willing to go slowly, and wait."

Late that evening he arrived at Richton, and found that Mr. Gates was very uneasy regarding him.

"If you hadn't got back this evening I intended to send out a searching party for you," he said.

"You mustn't think of doing anything like that, Mr. Gates," said Roy. "I may get lost lots of times, but I'll find my way back, sooner or later. You mustn't worry about me, or feel responsible for me."

"You might get lost and starve to death, my boy. You don't understand the dangers that lurk amid the mountains and gulches."

"Oh, I'll get along somehow, sir."

Supper was nearly ready, and Roy sat up to the table with Mr. Gates and ate with a relish.

"What luck did you have?" queried Mr. Gates.

Roy shook his head and smiled.

"None to speak of, sir,' he replied 'I wasted lots of ammunition without hitting a thing that I shot at."

"And you didn't make a 'strike'?" with a smile.

"No, sir. I broke up a lot of quartz, but without finding any of the 'color,' as I believe you call it."

"And—you got lost, I judge, or you would have been back yesterday evening."

Roy smiled.

"Yes, I got lost," he admitted, "but a couple of—road agents, I believe you call them, out here—found me."

"Eh? What is that? You ran across some road agents?"

"Yes, sir—or rather they ran across me."

"Did they take you prisoner?"

"Yes, and conducted me to their rendezvous."

"Well, well! I'll wager that they were members of Captain Jericho's band!"

"Yes, they were. I met Captain Jericho."

"You did?"

"Yes; I spent the night in his cabin as his guest."

"Well, well! That beats anything I have ever heard of! And they let you come away?"

"Yes, Captain Jericho is an old New York crook, and when he found that I was from New York he was very kind to me and we talked a couple of hours about the city. He left there about three years ago because of the fact that he was wanted for complicity in the robbery of the Bowery Savings Bank."

"Well, this is interesting. But I should have thought that he would have been afraid to let you come away, for fear you would lead the authorities to his rendezvous."

"I couldn't do it if I would, sir. You see, I was blindfolded, both as I went and as I came."

"Ah! Then of course you could not guide a party to the spot."

"No, sir."

"Humph! There is a reward of two thousand dollars offered for the capture of Captain Jericho, or for information leading to his capture, and if you could give the authorities the necessary information it would be money in your pocket."

"I'd do it if I could, sir, but I could not find the rendezvous to save my life."

"Well, you had quite an experience, anyway."

"So I did, sir."

"I suppose you are going to keep on hunting and prospecting?"

"Oh, yes. I am not going to give up so easily."

"That's right. Stick to it. You might succeed."

"I'll make a strike, if such a thing is possible, Mr. Gates."

CHAPTER VIII.

WAYLAID BY CAPTAIN JERICHO'S BAND.

Next morning Roy shouldered his Winchester and set out again. He had a large knapsack filled with provisions, for he did not know but he might get lost and wander around amid the mountains two or three days.

Roy was out two days, this time, but was not successful in finding any gold-bearing quartz. On the other hand, however, he managed to kill a small deer, and this he dragged into Richton in triumph.

It was sufficient fresh meat for supper and breakfast for the men, and it netted Roy a neat little sum.

"If I could kill one deer a day I would be able to make living wages," he thought. "But as yet I am not sufficiently versed in hunting to be sure of getting a deer every day."

Roy had been there two weeks and had had prospected and hunted over quite a large section of the surrounding country, but without any success, from the prospector's standpoint, and with very little from the standpoint of a hunter.

Still, he was not discouraged. He was there to stay till he made a strike.

"I'm not going to go back to New York poor," was his thought. "If I were to do so, what would there be there for me? A clerkship in a store at ten or twelve dollars a week, at the very best! No, I'm going to stay out here and rough it, and keep trying till I make a strike. One thing, it is healthy here, and a fellow can make a living without much difficulty."

On Saturday morning Mr. Gates said to Roy:

"Do you want to work for me today, Roy?"

"Why, I don't mind, sir, if it is anything that I can do," replied Roy.

"Well, it is something that you can do my boy. I am going to take a bag of gold-buttons down to Cripple Creek this forenoon, and want you to go along as a sort of guard. Of course, I don't anticipate trouble, for no one outside of my own employees know anything about it; but it is as well to be cautious."

"True, sir; but I'm afraid that I would not be a very great success as a guard."

"I'll risk that," with a smile. "You have learned to shoot, and the two of us ought to be able to make it hot for the road agents if they should try to relieve me of the gold."

"I shall be glad to go with you, sir, and will try to make myself of value in case it should be necessary."

"We will start within the hour."

Roy helped to bridle and saddle the two burros, and Mr. Gates placed the bag of gold-buttons in one of the saddle-bags.

The ore taken from Mr. Gates' mine was placed in a circular vat, made of stone, cemented, the bottom being stone also, sloping toward the center from all sides. In this floor of stone were little holes the size of a silver dollar and perhaps half an inch deep. The ore was pulverized before being placed there, and then water was turned in, and a stirrer, operated by a burro, kept the mass constantly moving around and around in the vat, and the gold, being heavier, sank to the bottom and gradually collected in the holes. Then, when the water and ore-dust were drained off, the gold was easily secured, the fine particles being made into one mass by heating from underneath. These were called "buttons."

They set out then, each leading a burro, and each with a couple of big forty-fours strapped to their waists. They would give any would-be robbers a hard fight.

They moved slowly along, following the winding trail, and were about half-way to Cripple Creek, when suddenly Mr. Gates said in a low, cautious voice:

"Stop, Roy! I saw somebody around that out-jutting boulder, yonder!"

They brought the burros to a stop, and stood looking eagerly and somewhat anxiously toward the boulder in question.

Suddenly a man's head was projected out from behind the boulder, and as quickly withdrawn again.

"Say, I don't like the looks of that!" said Mr. Gates. "Let's go back to that little grove, yonder, and get behind the rocks. If the road agents are lying in wait for us, they will get tired and come after us, and then we can give them a good fight."

They turned the burros and led the animals back to and into the grove, and then stationed themselves behind some rocks and waited and watched for the coming of the road agents.

Presently they saw a man coming up the trail, carrying a handkerchief on the end of a revolver.

"Hello, a flag of truce!" exclaimed Mr. Gates. "He wants to talk."

"I judge so, sir," agreed Roy.

"Is he Captain Jericho?"

"Yes, that's Captain Jericho!"

"Humph! We might plug him and secure the two thousand dollars reward, but I guess it wouldn't be right to take advantage of a flag of truce."

"No, sir," agreed Roy.

When the road agent chief was within twenty yards of the edge of the grove he halted.

"Hello!" he called out.

"Hello, yourself!" replied Mr. Gates.

"I've come to ask you to surrender, Mr. Gates!"

"You have, eh?" sarcastically.

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"I have!"

"Who are you that makes such a demand?"

"Captain Jericho."

"Oh, so you are Captain Jericho, are you?"

"I am. Do you surrender?"

"Not much! I'll see you in Jericho first."

"Ha! You're a fool. You don't mean that you intend to show fight, surely!"

"Just that."

"Why, you are only two, while I have eight men!"

"I don't care; if you had eighteen my answer would be the same."

"Boy, you are a bigger idiot than I thought you were, Gates!"

"Thanks."

"You bid better surrender."

"No!"

"If you don't, we'll come for you, and the chances are that we will kill both of you."

"And the probabilities are that we will kill five or six of your men," was the cool reply.

"Huh!

"Well, I guess we are in for it," said Mr. Gates soberly.

"We are going to fight them, then?"

"Yes; don't you like the prospect?"

"Oh, I am willing to risk it, if you are sir," was the quiet reply.

"Good! I believe that you will give a good account of yourself."

"I shall try to do so."

A few minutes later the road agents were seen coming up the trail; but before they got within pistol-shot distance they left the trail and some entered the brush at one side and some did the same at the other.

"They are going to take advantage of the trees, bushes and rocks," said Mr. Gates. "Well, even then we will have the advantage, for all we have to do is to sit here and blaze away at them as fast as they come in sight or range."

"True, sir."

They waited and watched, and presently Mr. Gates caught sight of one of the road agents. The desperado was within pistol-shot distance and was trying to get a look at the two intended victims.

Crack! went Mr. Gates' revolver, and the road agents gave utterance to a yell of pain and tumbled over backward out of sight.

Then crack, crack, crack, crack! went the weapons of the road agents and the bullets thudded against the trees and the rocks behind which Mr. Gates and Roy were stationed.

"Don't fire till you see some one to shoot at," ordered Mr. Gates. "Don't waste your bullets."

"All right, sir," replied Roy, and catching sight of a road agent at that moment he took quick aim and fired.

Crack!

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A Girl and a Lion.

In Montana, one day last November, a girl 13 years old, named Anna Davis, daughter of a ranchman, was riding her pony along a trail leading up to a ravine, when a mountain lion sprang upon her from the limb of a tree. His spring carried her out of the saddle and over the cliff, where she lodged in a tree top. The lion also hung there for a moment and then his hold gave way and he went down a hundred feet further and was smashed to pieces on the rocks. Miss Anna managed to climb back up the cliff and find and mount her pony, and an hour later she arrived home with only a few scratches to show for her thrilling adventure. The body of the lion was found and skinned and the pelt given to her to make a rug for her bedroom. Had the beast leaped from some other place he would surely have made her his victim.

He Lost His Nose.

A butcher in New Orleans sent his apprentice boy with two knives to be sharpened. After a keen edge had been placed on them, the boy started back for the shop. On the way he began tossing one of the knives in the air, the same as he had seen a juggler do. He didn't prove to be much of a juggler, however. After the third or fourth toss the knife came down and cut his nose off as slick as you please, and he was rushed to a hospital. They are going to make him a nose of wax to replace the one he lost, but he will have to be very careful how he lets other folks pull it.

One of the best things out is a decayed tooth.

Beautify Your Home

The Editor Tells You Today How Easily You Can Win a Prize to Decorate Your Home

Did you ever win a prize—a real beautiful, artistic, valuable prize, something of which you felt proud?

If you have, I can point out a way for you to win another. If you have not, I can show you how you can win a magnificent one by the *slightest* effort.

For this great prize offer does not cost you one cent!

You want a pretty home, don't you?

So if you will follow me through this short article and then read the great prize offer on this page, you will discover how very, very easy it is to secure something that will give your home an artistic tone, something that will beautify it and make your friends envy you. You will say so yourself.

"Mr. I wish I had had this offer long ago."

Dinner Set For a Prize

Look at the picture of the magnificent monogram dinner set on this page. 100,000 of the prize sets are going to be distributed free, and every one of our readers can have one of these sets free by doing a good turn for a friend of mine, Geo. Clark.

Now, Mr. Clark, as you may have heard, is the publisher of the famous high-art pictures, among the most beautiful pictures in the world, and he has asked me to tell you that he will give every one of my subscribers one of these magnificent dinner sets absolutely free as a prize if you merely help Mr. Clark's illustrious representative introducing a few of his pictures in your locality.

As you see, Mr. Clark does not want you to do any canvassing. It is not necessary to do any canvassing.

How To Win a Prize

Read carefully on this page where it says in big type, "Win a prize—how."

"NATURE'S GOODIES"—One of the beautiful fac-simile framed pictures which will be sent to you.

Even if you do not succeed in carrying out the simple conditions of Mr. Clark's offer you will receive an elegant prize anyway. You do not have to send any money or put in an order or price offers, and for whatever effort you put out you will get at least one prize; not so, as Mr. Clark says, a case where "you can't lose."

So Easy, So Very Easy

Mrs Charlotte Miller of Purdue, Ind., a lady of my acquaintance, took advantage of Mr. Clark's offer. She received the pictures and was amazed at their beauty and Mr. Clark's method of disposing of them. That very afternoon one of her neighbors came in and saw the pictures lying on the table with part of the wrapping paper still around them.

"What perfectly beautiful pictures!" she exclaimed.

"Do you like them?" asked Mrs. Miller.

"Indeed I do."

"You can have my offer at 10c."

"Will you give me two on this plan for 20c?"

"I do."

Mrs. Miller's friend purchased two pictures and took them away and told some of the acquaintances of her good fortune; they called on Mrs. Miller that very day, and before Mrs. Miller retired that night she had disposed of all 24 pictures and forwarded the $6.00 to Mr. Clark.

Prize Winner Is Pleased

In three days the prize dishes arrived and Mrs. Miller tells me they are the most beautiful she ever saw, and that she got more than her money's worth. She declares:

Can you picture your dining room with a set like gold monogram, Parisian China, dinner set greeting the statesmen, the dinner table and the entire call? Have you for a long time been wanting a set like this?

I have several of Mr. Clark's pictures in my home and they are certainly very beautiful. Hanging in the parlor is a picture of "Nature's Goodies," fresh and splendid colors. They are perfect gems. I call it for any residence, measuring 16x20 inches. What to more, they come *ready* to hang on the wall, for each picture is finished, complete ready for the wall just as received from Mr. Clark.

I hope that every one of my readers will earn the free coupon and send for Mr. Clark's high-art picture today.

A Prize for You!

A PRIZE for every reader of this paper FREE

This elegant 42 piece Monogram Dinner Set is free

42 PIECES as follows:

8—9-in. PLATES	8—7-in. PLATES
8 CUPS	8 SAUCERS
8 FRUIT DISHES	8 BUTTER CHIPS
1 SUGAR BOWL	1 CREAM PITCHER
1 BREAD PLATE	1 CAKE PLATE
1 GRAVY BOWL	1 Large PLATTER

YOUR name initial in GOLD on every piece (cups and saucers excluded).

I AM Giving Away as PRIZES 100,000 sets of this elegant Dinner Service. Do not miss *your share*—a PRIZE of 42 pieces of beautiful China, artistically decorated, *your initial in gold* on the pieces. A PRIZE that costs you only a bit of your leisure time.

Send No Money, Not One Cent—The PRIZES are Absolutely Free

There are 100,000 of these prize premium sets. *Be sure* to get one of the sets. Everybody can get one complete set as a free PRIZE and you can get it so very, very easily.

Certificate of Guarantee by the Editor of this Paper

I hereby certify that every statement made on this page is the truthful, honest story of a large and thoroughly reliable firm. This prize offer is exactly as represented.

THE EDITOR.

This Elegant Dinner Set is made of finest Parisian China, the kind endorsed and used by the most stylish people. Although this superior china costs us a great deal of money, we chose the Parisian China to give away as PRIZES; for we figure that by being very generous with you and giving you *the best* right now, we would at once win your friendship and recommendation, and the beautiful dinner set standing on your table and served by all neighbors—the best dinner set in town—ought to prove a fine advertisements for our proposition. As you can see from the picture, every piece of the dinner set is decorated with the modern high art, and besides, if you write at once, every piece (except cups and saucers) with *your initial in pure gold* free of charge. Read the first column of this page.

WIN A PRIZE—How? Send no Money.

Just mail the coupon at the bottom of this page. You will then get 24 famous high-art pictures, richly colored, 16 x 20 inches, complete with facsimile lithographed gold scroll frames for you to distribute, and two extra pictures for you to keep—a total of Twenty-Six (26) pictures. The two extra pictures you hang up in your home. Invite your friends to see your pictures, and whenever a friend calls hand her one of the other 24 pictures at only 25 cents each. By giving away the 24 pictures at only 25 cents each you will take in $6.00. Send us $6.00 and we will send you the beautiful, aristocratic 42-piece Monogram Dinner Set absolutely free.

As soon as people see the pictures decorating the walls of your room they will be *sure* to get a similar picture. But if for any reason you should run short, we will pay you for the number of pictures you distributed, and besides we want you to *keep the two extra pictures anyway*, just for having made an honest effort. *The art pictures are fully described by the editor in the first column of this page.*

At Least ONE PRIZE for Everybody

You cannot fail to get a PRIZE for what-ever time you spare. You Reward is Sure—and there is certainly no difficulty. of this prize offer you get two pictures for your home, and you distribute the balance to others; and never a word is said about whatever you do.—But I know you can earn the *grand prize*—the beautiful monogram dinner set — very, very easily

Dining Room of Mayor Grosse, of Harlem, Ill., whose wife earned the beautiful monogram dinner set as a prize and also the free pictures. (*From photograph by Orville Hart, all rights reserved.*)

Mayor Grosse's wife writes us as follows: "I received your beautiful monogram dinner set with initial in gold and it is certainly beautiful. *The stores here do not carry anything like it. It is so artistic and elegant. I shall always be glad to recommend you for your fairness, promptness and generosity.*"—MRS. MARTIN V. GROSSE. Harlem, Ill., Oct. 5, 1908.

Cultured and refined people appreciate this superior prize offer. Don't delay. Sign the free coupon at once and send right now to

GEO. CLARK, Mgr., 63-69 Washington St., Suite 1406, Chicago, Ill.

Free Coupon

SIGN Your Name And Address—That's All

GEO. CLARK, Mgr.,
63-69 Washington St.,
Suite 1406, CHICAGO, ILL.

I would like to have your Monogram Dinner Set. Please send me your art pictures at once, prepaid, as per your offer above.

Name .....

.....

Address .....

You need not bother with a letter; just write your name and address plainly on coupon, inclose in an envelope and mail today, thereby *getting an early start* for a truly valuable PRIZE. Send coupon and get our prize offer *before anybody else gets it* in your town.